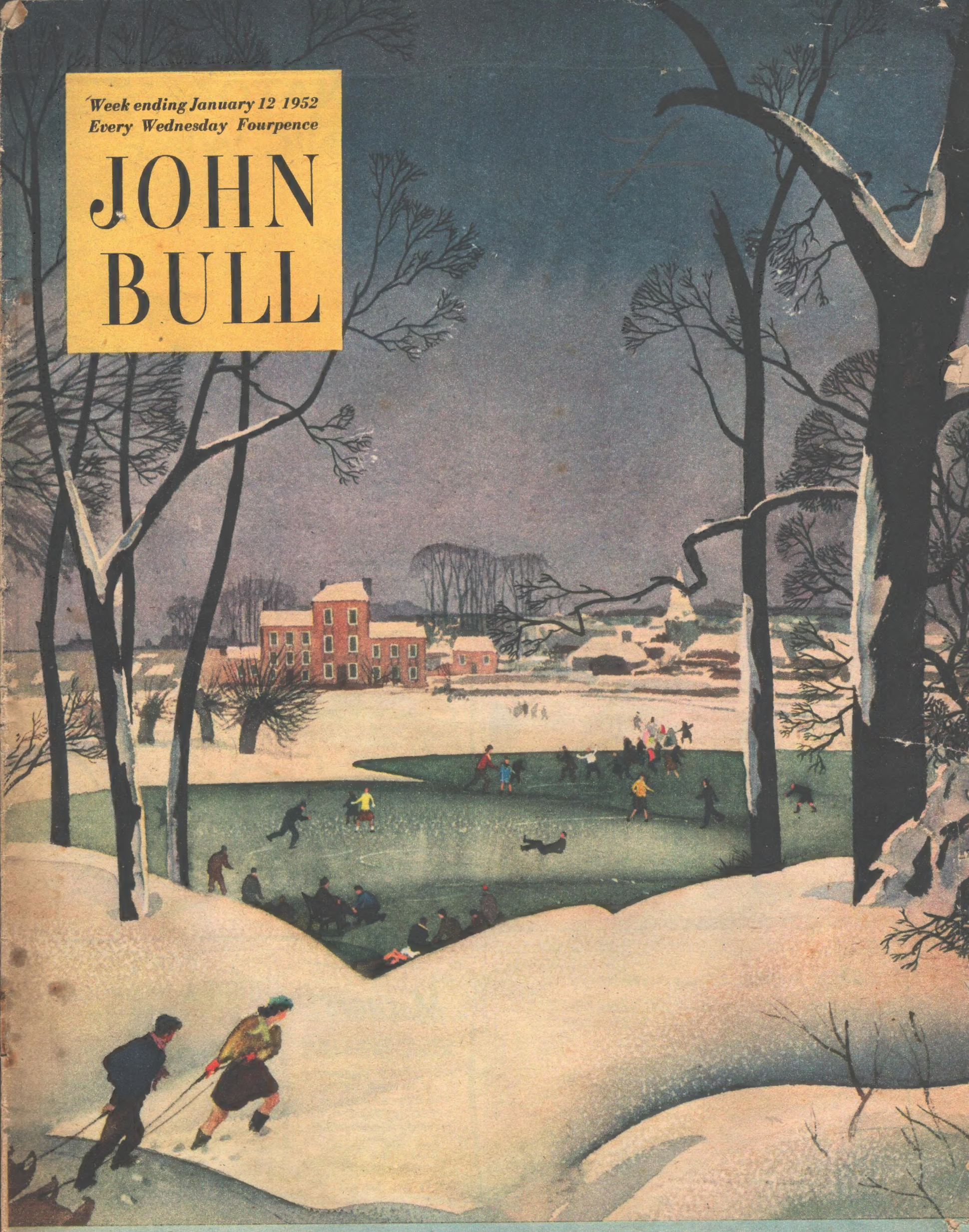
Week ending January 12 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



How Stalin's Police Made Me Confess—by ROBERT VOGELER

Maybe it's 'FLU —I Must Take a Beecham's Powder at Once!

IF you are aching, shivery, feverish, don't wonder whether it is 'Flu or "just a Cold or Chill." Be wise, *take a Beecham's Powder at once*! Owing to their *powder* form Beecham's Powders *set to work without delay to bring you speedy safe relief* from the unpleasant symptoms.

Ah! THAT'S BETTER!

2 Powders for 5½d. Cartons of 8 Powders—1/8d.

FOR COLDS CHILLS 'FLU
FEVERISHNESS HEADACHES RHEUMATIC PAINS LUMBAGO

Rely On BEECHAM'S POWDERS For QUICK RELIEF!

ALSO IN TABLET FORM 1/8 PER BOTTLE

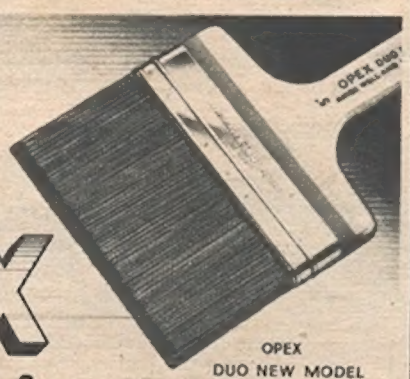
"SANATOGEN" TONIC WINE

"SANATOGEN" Tonic Wine is an admirable restorative for it combines the "pick-me-up" qualities of a rich, full-bodied wine with the active tonic properties of "SANATOGEN" Nerve Tonic.
The word "SANATOGEN" is a registered Trade Mark.

8/- PER BOTT.
4/6 HALF BOTT.

GVS-161

BRIGHTEN WINTER DAYS WITH OPEX BRUSHES



OPEX DUO NEW MODEL

ON SALE WHEREVER GOOD BRUSHES ARE SOLD

THE FINEST PEPPERMINT IN THE WORLD

FOX'S Glacier MINTS

JOHN BULL Guarantee

Every article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a money-back guarantee, medicines and treatments excepted.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs and other articles which have been approved by our experts are marked with this sign →

In the case of medicines and drugs, to which our money-back offer cannot apply, we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL, and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, PUBLISHERS

Mothers!

ESODERM

MEDICATED SHAMPOO
CONTAINING D.D.T.
THE NEWEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE TREATMENT for head and hair infection
Recommended by clinics and obtainable from Chemists
Price 1/6½ inc. P.T.
PRIORY LABORATORIES LTD.
WEST DRAYTON, MIDDLESEX

DON'T RISK A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

A nervous breakdown often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. It is simply pure yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients. Yeast is the **richest natural source of all the B vitamins.** You will be amazed at the result. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way.

But be sure you ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast.

At all Chemists

50 *Tablets* 1/6, 150 *for* 3/6, 300 *for* 5/9

JOHN BULL EDITORIAL

Long view for TV

SIR WILLIAM HALEY, director-general of the B.B.C., has promised that 1952 will bring more freedom and flexibility to British television. Speaking to his executives and departmental heads last month, he is reported to have outlined a plan to bring about the partial "divorce" of TV from sound radio, and to give the former more independence in its programmes, its policy and its spending.

The plan, which is now being worked on, is Sir William's answer to irresponsible talk of "sponsored" TV for this country.

To those who were saying that advertising money (and "plugs") would be necessary for the improvement of TV programmes, he gave the forthright answer; the only possible answer.

He pointed out that British TV is going ahead despite all the handicaps and restrictions put upon it by Treasury niggardliness and by the embargoes of sports promoters and entertainment interests.

Sir William said that our TV would be the best in the world as soon as these restrictions were overcome, and the B.B.C.'s building programme completed.

HE is making a fine start by adopting a policy which will gradually effect the separation of visual from sound radio. This is an important step.

For it is time we took TV seriously and stopped treating it as a box of tricks.

Whether we like it or not, it has come to stay, and the problem is not how to discourage it, but how to make it a good thing instead of a bad one, especially for the millions of children whom it already influences so much.

THE spread of the TV habit among children is causing a good deal of worry to educationalists and others who see it only as a potentially powerful addition to the many forms of mechanical entertainment which, they fear, are reducing the older habits of reading and individual thinking.

Certainly, TV competes all too successfully with reading and conversation. Certainly, it helps to "form children's minds" and will do so increasingly.

Very well then, let us see that its influence is wholly good and constructive.

NOTHING can now prevent millions of people from gathering round their television sets instead of reading, talking or playing games in the old way. There is no point in trying to stop them by adopting old-fashioned, obstructive attitudes, and putting all kinds of obstacles in the way of the free development of TV programmes.

Instead, we should concentrate on the aim that what the viewers see on the TV screen must be as interesting, exciting and stimulating—both to the mind and to the senses—as possible.

SOME of today's TV programmes are very good indeed; some are deplorable. And the poor ones are very largely those which have no business on TV at all.

The simplest test of a TV programme is this: would it be better, or as good, on the radio? If the answer is Yes, the programme has no need of TV and is a waste of "screen time," as well as a possible cause of eyestrain.

In much of the programme-building of television today—hampered as it must be by shortage of money and material—there is the same failure to utilize the possibilities of the screen which marred much early British film-making. Too much talk and not nearly enough action is the basic fault.

IF it is to do its job properly, television must get out and about more. It must report life more and discuss it less. It must travel. It must look through the microscope and even the telescope.

It must enlarge the world for its audience instead of narrowing it down to parlour games and arid argy-bargy.

If it does these things boldly and imaginatively, it can become a valuable force for enlightenment as well as entertainment.

On other pages

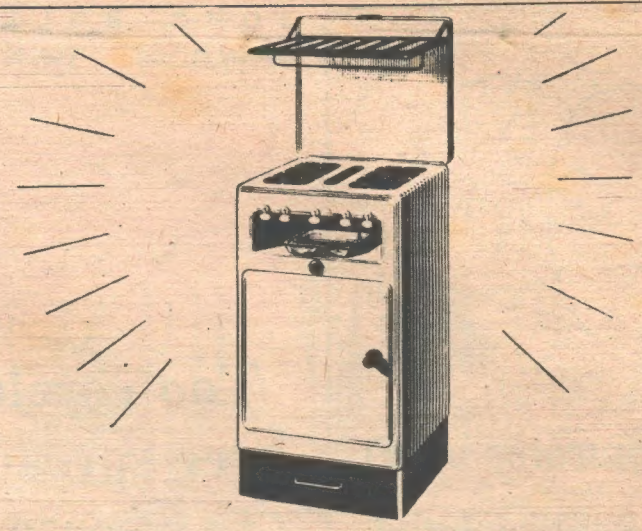
ARTICLES

LIZ TAYLOR, TERRIFIC TEENAGER . . . . by Norman Phillips 7
HOW STALIN'S POLICE MADE ME CONFESS (Second of five articles) . . . . . by Robert A. Vogeler 11
THE SAUCEPAN SPECIAL ROUSES AFRICA . . by Olga Illner 15
SHOWING UP THE GERMS . . . . . by Powell Smily 17
I LOVED A WICKED CITY (Conclusion of real-life series) by Mary Ball 21

FICTION

ONE FOR THE ROAD . . . . . by Will Scott 10
HORNBLOWER THE GAMBLER (Concluding instalment) by C. S. Forester 14
HUMAN TORPEDO . . . . . by Tom Yates 18

FEATURES: FREE SPEECH . 4 FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM . 25 NOW YOU KNOW . 26 HUMAN MACHINE . 29 OH, JOHNNY! . 29 COMPETITIONS . 34



Your cooker's always good as new With just a little help from you

It is built to last for years and is still in wonderful condition because you've cared for it and kept it clean.

burns to serve you

Gas is your good friend and servant. But don't waste it. Never let the gas "flare up" round pans or kettles — and go easy with the grill.

always will

Your cooker is designed to give you service for a long time yet, as it has done in the past.

years of cooking

When you've finished with the oven, wipe it down inside while it's still warm. Take out the shelves and the hot-plate burners now and then and give them a good wash in hot soapy water.

in it still

Your cooker is at its best when the oven and other parts are kept clean. It will cook better, look better and, what is more, save you money by burning less gas.

Take care of your cooker — and use gas wisely — in your own and the Nation's interest.

ISSUED BY THE GAS COUNCIL

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed]

When works of art
Are contemplated,
STANLEY tools
Are indicated.

STANLEY
THE TOOL BOX OF THE WORLD

FREE Write for 80 page Catalogue and Guide to use of tools 22B.

STANLEY WORKS (GREAT BRITAIN) LIMITED
RUTLAND ROAD, SHEFFIELD 3.

M-W.54.

Happy Days

when healthy kidney action has rid you of rheumatic pains, backache and urinary troubles.

"Every Picture tells a story"

MISCHIEF soon starts when the action of the kidneys slackens and permits excess uric acid and other harmful impurities to remain in the blood.

Possibly you feel tired, miserable and depressed; your back aching, muscles and joints stiff and sore. You may be bothered by lumbago, rheumatic pains or the common urinary disorders due to sluggish kidney action.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Thousands of healthy men and women testify that this well-known kidney medicine has rid them of these trying ailments. *Why not let Doan's do the same for you?*

1/7, 3/9½, 6/4. *Ask your chemist for*

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills

FREE SPEECH

Too careless over spreading disease

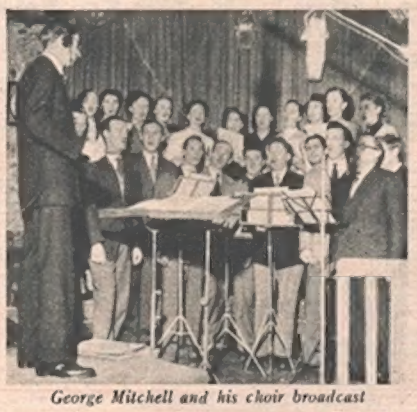
SOME WEEKS AGO, during a children's show at a local cinema, a child who had been called up on to the stage announced that she had mumps. I don't know how many children developed mumps afterwards, but I know that the manager got it. So did his mother. And his landlady. I know, because I am the landlady.

Such a thing could never have happened in Canada, where I lived once. There, as soon as a doctor has diagnosed an infectious ailment, only the head of the house is allowed out until the infection period is over. A large notice—"Mumps here" or whatever the ailment happens to be—is placed outside the door of the house. And, of course, people keep away.—LANDLADY, Staffs.

Lucky Rolling Stone

MOST PEOPLE SEEM to think that a rolling stone gathers no moss. I find that the more I roll the more moss I gather. I have been a law clerk, a bacon clerk, a traveller in confectionery, toys, hardware and paint. For the past fifteen months I have been a baker.—D. MACKENZIE, Littleborough, Lancs.

Overworked Stars

ELKAN ALLAN'S ARTICLE on George Mitchell and his choirs (JOHN BULL, December 22) shows up one of the great weaknesses of the B.B.C. When a new star is discovered he is worked night

George Mitchell and his choir broadcast

and day for, perhaps, two or three years, though there are hundreds of others patiently waiting for a chance. The Mitchell choirs are first rate of their kind, but they are not the only ones capable of providing good entertainment. And nobody can broadcast so often and keep up their standards.—CYRIL KING, 12 Crofton Road, Orpington, Kent.

Countrywoman Speaks

NEW TOWNS, NEW FACTORIES, new airfields, 300,000 houses, new quarries, new open-cast coalfields—we are told they are all to be started. Very nice! But nobody ever considers whose land is to be taken for all these blessings. Bungalows are to be built in the suburbs—when what our towns need are skyscrapers and flats, not only to save land but to save heating and plumbing. The townsman wants to have his cake and eat it, too. Towns should be contracted, not expanded. Every day one hears of a few thousand acres being taken for housing or factories or a new airfield. A factory is a fine thing, but can you eat it? The city dweller must learn to make do and mend. The countryman must be listened to. Not another acre should be taken from him without his consent. And not another should be asked.—MRS. K. STONEMAN, Werrington Park, Launceston, Cornwall.

Guardian Of The Hens

CHICKEN KEEPERS who find that they lose birds by theft should keep a few geese as well. The geese will help to safeguard the hens. They are extremely noisy birds and can be relied on to give plenty of warning if anyone attempts an unauthorized entry after dark.—D. H. GRAHAM, 1 Astor Road, St. Peter's, Broadstairs, Kent.

Time For Work At Last

RETIRING MEMBERS OF THE staff at the large factory where I am employed are usually presented with a gift chosen by themselves. The choice invariably used to be a clock, a watch, a barometer or something of that kind. Of recent years, however, I have noticed a great change. One workman asked for a set of chimney sweep's brushes; another chose a set of tools; an office worker, who had sent her laundry out all her working days, surprised everyone by asking for a washing machine. It looks as though, nowadays, people do not retire to rest but to devote themselves to those jobs they never had time to do when they were at work.—H. DALBY, 13 Hale Crescent, Heath End, Aldershot, Hants.

Banns Nearly Missed

YOUR CORRESPONDENT'S LETTER about the generosity of a store assistant ("Free Speech," December 15) reminded me of my own similar, if more embarrassing, predicament. The day I went to the registrar's office to have the bans put up for my wedding was the last possible day for the necessary three weeks to elapse before the ceremony. I imagined that no fees were necessary and, when five shillings were demanded, imagine my dismay when all my searching of my pockets could produce only four. The assistant immediately offered the balance on the spot and saved my face.—T. B. LYNCH, 10 Holly Bank, Ulveston, Lancs.

Drink From The Engine

STANLEY RUSSELL'S ARTICLE, "Host of the Dining Car" (JOHN BULL, December 22), mentioned that engine water is undrinkable because it is treated with a softening agent to avoid furring of the boiler pipes. No doubt many ex-Servicemen, like myself, will remember consuming gallons of engine water while travelling by train in the Far East. It was a frequent practice to brew the char with water from the engine.—C. F. J. CROSS, 31 Helme Drive, Kendal, Westmorland.

As A Child Sees It

A FRIEND TOOK HER small child to the zoo for the first time. When she returned home, the child was asked which of the animals she had seen she had liked the best. She answered: "The little black kitten we saw just before we went in."—MRS. HORSFALL, 575 Huddersfield Road, Oldham, Lancs.

Holding Back Recruits

FREQUENT APPEALS ARE MADE for recruits to the Hospital Reserve. I joined last year and passed my first aid and home nursing examinations, and enjoyed it all very much, but perhaps I can give some reasons why more recruits do not come forward. We had to pay for textbooks and bandages—quite a considerable item these days. There were not enough complete uniforms in which to attend hospital for practical work, and many of us had to buy extra collars and cuffs. We also had to pay for our own laundry. Black stockings and shoes were compulsory—an extra expense for some of us. Refresher courses are given and if one can do forty-eight hours in one week one is paid, but those who have full-time jobs and do their course a few hours at a time have been told they will not be paid.—MRS. N. M. PARRY, 38b Chambers Road, Southport, Lancs.

Ministry of Health say the National Hospital Service Reserve (part of the Civil Defence system) is to train nurses for work in hospitals and first-aid posts in wartime. Recruits should be repaid any out-of-pocket expenses, including cost of travelling and text books. Uniforms are loaned and laundry should be free. Training is free and time spent on refresher courses should be paid, even if the course is taken a few hours at a time.

Three-week Houses

FROM 1928 UNTIL 1932 I worked for a small building contractor. There were twelve of us in all and we averaged a complete house every three weeks. Bricklayers then laid 900-1,100 bricks a day. All our concrete and mortar were mixed by hand. Sand, gravel and cement were carted by horse and cart. Our scaffold poles were wooden and had to be tied with rope. Now, in 1952, with tubular scaffolding, cement mixers, lorries for transport and all the other modern building aids, more men take longer to build a house.—L. K. NEWBURY, 21 Silverdale Avenue, Coton, Cambridgeshire.

Sewing For 80 Years

JOHN KOBLER'S articles on the Singer sewing machine (JOHN BULL, December 29-January 5) interested me very much, as I have a hand sewing machine with a brass plate with "Wheeler and Wilson, 44 Union Square, New York" engraved on it. It is very antique compared with today's productions by Singer. The foot is glass, and to thread it ready for sewing is a work of art. Another plate on it has the date it was patented: March, 1872.—HOUSEWIFE, Yorkshire.

Guy Gibson's Dog

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION a pet dog which belonged to Guy Gibson, V.C., the first leader of No. 617 Squadron, about which Paul Brickhill wrote in his series, "The Dam Busters" (JOHN BULL, October 20-December 1). Gibson left the dog to his friend, John Cockshot, who was not able to keep him

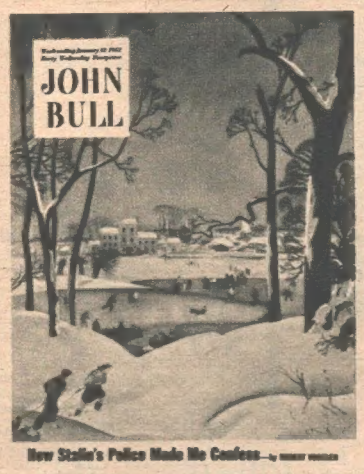
Mrs. Potter with George

and gave him to my son. As my son is now working in Nigeria and could not take the dog with him, he gave him to me. His name is George and he is the admiration of all the people when I take him out.—MRS. ELLEN POTTER, 20 Grove Walk, Norwich.

Little Johnny's Haircut

SO FAR FROM schoolteachers trying to undermine the authority of parents as suggested by your correspondent ("Free Speech," December 15), the reverse is the case. Parents often try to load their own responsibilities on to the shoulders of teachers. A typical example occurred recently in the class I teach. I received

THIS WEEK'S COVER



ROWLAND HILDER, R.I., the famous landscape artist, enjoys snow. "It changes the colour and pattern of everyday things," he says, "and enables me to paint in an unusual light." His cover painting is a composite picture, the result of hundreds of sketches he makes during his wanderings in the countryside. He aims in these sketches to get the "feeling" of a piece of country rather than a factual portrayal. The final study is built up in his studio after many compositions have first been tried.

a note from a parent which enclosed two shillings and asked me to see that little Johnny had his hair cut during the dinner hour.—P. A. L., Grimsby, Lincs.

. . . My daughter is a school nurse and it is time that grousing about school staffs ceased. Parents should visit schools and see the tired, disinterested children teachers are trying to cope with, all due to lack of sleep and weak parental control.—M. T., Stoke-on-Trent.

. . . Teachers, priests, ministers, social service workers and health visitors are too prone to take for granted their authority to give orders. They should give only advice.—JOHN E. GRIBBIN, 13 Morden Street, Liverpool.

Housewife's Nightmare

LIKE THE READER who wrote about houses without frills ("Free Speech," December 22), I, too, have lived in a cottage built about 200 years ago, with all the rooms connecting. I found it most inconvenient and was mighty glad to leave after two years. Downstairs rooms opening straight off the road meant mud constantly brought in. Bedrooms leading off one another meant no privacy. I am thankful that houses are not designed like that nowadays. They are a housewife's nightmare and should be left in the dim ages.—MRS. E. G. HARTLEY, Halse, Brackley, Northants.

Heartbreak Gifts

YEAR AFTER YEAR we have the experience of delivering Christmas parcels from abroad that are meant to bring joy, but too often bring distress because of the Customs charges on them. Some action should be taken to prevent these heavy charges falling on the recipient of the parcel. It is one of our most heart-breaking tasks.—POSTMAN, Scotland.

Privileged Viewers

OWNERS OF TELEVISION SETS are very privileged as shown by Keith Ellis's article, "TV's White Flash Detective" (JOHN BULL, December 8). If they are worried by interference it is traced and stopped. Once TV programmes are on I am stopped from listening to my radio because of a high-pitched whine and other noises. I have inquired at the Post Office, but have been told that, because it is a radio set and not TV, nothing can be done.—G. F., Canterbury, Kent.

Glad Of The Fuss

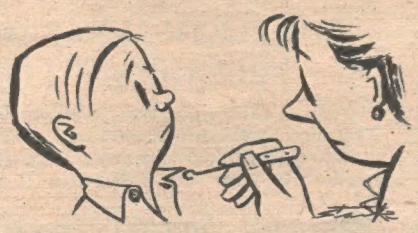
YOUR CORRESPONDENT who asks whether too much fuss is made nowadays before the arrival of a baby ("Free Speech," December 22) should realize that, although all the checks, examinations and questions may not be necessary for those in perfect health, they are a safeguard. I had my first baby fourteen months ago and from the start I was in poor health. Thanks to the specialists at the clinic and the wonderful nurses and doctors I was pulled through. Now that I am expecting another baby and am fit and well, it is a blessing to know that at the slightest sign of illness or abnormality I shall receive the same care.—MRS. S. M. NOYCE, 2 Belmont Cottages, Burlesdon Road, Hedge End, Southampton.

Crisis In The Bakery

BAKERS WILL FIND IT very refreshing to read the letter from Mrs. Matthews of Truro ("Free Speech," December 22), who found it cost her more to make her own Christmas cake than it would have cost her to buy one. People do not realize how near to extinction the small baker is. His prices seem high, but he has to pay a higher price for his fat and sugar than does the housewife, and his labour, fuel and other material costs have soared. The members of this ancient trade are, in the main, conscientious craftsmen who try to give the best article at the lowest price, but it is a miracle that so many have managed to keep going under present difficulties.—H. HENDRA, secretary, Master Bakers Association, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.

Too Small In The Neck

HOW MUCH EASIER it would be if makers of boys' shirts would see that the neckbands correspond with the rest of the shirt. I always have to get my six-year-old son's shirts two sizes too



large so that the neck will be big enough. I thought his neck must be fatter than most until I found that other people have the same trouble.—MRS. D. JOHNSON, 86 Appledore Road, Mynachdy, Cardiff.

Parents Give A Hand

PARENTS TAKE MORE interest in youth clubs than your correspondent who wrote ("Free Speech," December 15) complaining of their indifference seems to think. In this town we have a Boys' Club Parents' Association, which was formed eight years ago and has since helped the club in many ways.—MRS. F. E. OWEN, 27 Eaw-Wen, Welshpool, Montgomeryshire.

. . . My son belonged to the Sea Cadets for four years and wanted to do his National Service in the Navy. Instead he was sent into the Army without any option, so his training was wasted. The same thing happened to all his Sea Cadet pals.—MRS. S. SAUNDERS, 143 Common Rise, Hitchin, Herts.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

"Go on Dad—keep it up!—make some more funny faces in the polished floor. We like to watch you. There's no need to worry, because the floor's made bright, clean and healthy with Mansion Polish."

For dark floors use DARK MANSION

Tins 10d., 1/6 and 5/-

MP/1/52

Paraffin Users!

KEEP YOUR LAMPS AND HEATERS IN THE Pink!

- Better Light
- No Smell
- Longer Life of Wick
- Freedom from Char and Smoke
- Less Trimming

ASK FOR PINK PARAFFIN it's Aladdin the best

"Aladdin" and "Pink" are joint registered trade-marks of Aladdin Industries Ltd. and Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd.

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed]

There's a place for YOU in the R.A.F

As the Washington bomber drops below cloud level, the navigator sees the criss-crossed ribbon of runway below him. He has guided this giant aircraft with its crew of 10 across 2,000 miles of featureless sea and pin-pointed her over her base. He has every modern navigational device to help him and he uses them with the calm assurance of the expert. Yet, only a short while ago, he was a young man in search of a career. He joined the Royal Air Force. He was proved to have an aptitude for flying duties and his mathematical bent decided him to train for navigator. Under the new Aircrew scheme, he was granted a commission on successful completion of his initial training. Today he is only 26 but he is a Flight Lieutenant earning more than £1,000 a year (including marriage allowance).

Ask yourself how many civilian jobs pay so well. Then write for the free booklet about life in the R.A.F. either for National Service or as a career.

Send for booklet today

TO: ROYAL AIR FORCE (J.B. 31) VICTORY HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send details of life in the R.A.F.
(Applicants from British Isles only)

(A) In the Air		(B) On the Ground	

(Tick which you require)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....AGE.....

★ *If you are 14-17 — and keen — join the Air Training Corps* ★

Join The Book Club

Outstanding Fiction at only a fraction of the normal published prices

Members BUY Books published at 8/6, 10/6 and 12/6 for **ONLY 3/6**

THE BOOK CLUB! Remember that name—it stands for the most successful publishing achievement of the century. Let us tell you about The Book Club; what it means; how you can join; and how, by joining, you obtain The Book Club's selections at merely a fraction of their ordinary cost.

Each month, The Book Club chooses for its members an outstanding recently-published book. These selections are full-length, unabridged books by the front-rank authors of our time. They are printed in clear modern type on good quality paper and cloth-bound with an attractive illustrated wrapper. *They are a triumph of modern book production.* And although the ordinary editions of the books chosen are sold to the general public at 8/6, 10/6 or 12/6, THE PRICE TO MEMBERS OF THE BOOK CLUB IS ONLY 3/6! Because of the unique value offered, The Book Club has reached a membership of well over 200,000, and more and more members are enrolling every day. The past selections below give some idea of the world-famous books which members have bought at The Book Club's special privilege price—and future selections will be of an equally high standard. The Book Club brings these splendid books to you each month; keeping you abreast of the best fiction, helping you to build up—at a remarkable bargain price—a first-class library of famous books. *Now is the time to join!*

COMPLETE, UNABRIDGED, SPLENDIDLY PRODUCED

The Book Club's selections are complete and unabridged. They are handsomely produced and cloth-bound with an attractive illustrated wrapper. They will make a welcome addition to your bookshelves.

Members bought these great Books at The Book Club's special privilege price!

Past selections include: THE GRAND SOPHY, by Georgette Heyer (published at 10/6); THE FOXES OF HARROW, by Frank Yerby (10/6); SAINT ERRANT, by Leslie Charteris (8/6); THE WORLD MY WILDERNESS, by Rose Macaulay (8/6); ANYBODY CAN DO ANYTHING, by Betty MacDonald (10/6); COME INTO MY PARLOUR by Dennis Wheatley (12/6); NO HIGHWAY, by Nevil Shute (10/6); DARK BAHAMA, by Peter Cheyney (8/6). And future selections will maintain this high standard.

-------FILL IN THIS ENROLMENT FORM TODAY-----

To the Secretary, The Book Club, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

I wish to become a member of The Book Club, and agree to purchase the special edition of the selected book issued each month to members at a cost of 3/6 (postage 6d.) and to pay for same on receipt. I agree to continue my membership for a minimum of six books and thereafter until countermanded. In the event of my wishing to discontinue my membership, I agree to give four (abroad eight) weeks' notice after the first six months.

John Bull|3

You may enrol through your usual bookseller if he is a member of Associated Booksellers.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

To save time and postage you may send a six-months subscription of 24/-

Liz Taylor, Terrific Teenager

How Elizabeth of Hampstead Garden Suburb has become Liz of glittering Hollywood

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

DURING THE EIGHT YEARS since she made her first screen appearance, nineteen-year-old Elizabeth Taylor has been acclaimed by midshipmen at the American Naval Academy as "The Girl We'd Abandon Ship For," and Harvard students have voted her "The Girl We'd Never Lampoon." (Though other Harvard men ungraciously awarded her a "Roscoe" with a citation for "so gallantly persisting in her career despite a total inability to act.") She has won a place in a list of the ten best-dressed women in the United States, and in yet another list of the ten most beautiful women in the United States—"her eyes and nose are masterpieces of Nature."

Her physical appearance has received consistently more praise than her histrionic sense—so much so that her emotional performance in her newest film, *A Place in the Sun*, has come as a great surprise to almost everybody. Even the producers of the picture seem to share in the general astonishment: they put forward a theory suggesting that the secret of her sudden success can be traced to the common cold.

One frosty morning in California's High Sierra mountains, Elizabeth dived into Lake Tahoe. "I never hit anything so cold in my life," she says. "It took me long seconds even to start catching my breath. I thought I'd be an icicle before I got to shore." Elizabeth did get to shore. She caught cold and came down with laryngitis. At the end of a week, she was still left with only a deep huskiness in her throat. With Elizabeth in this state, the director, George Stevens, decided to shoot her last scene in the picture. This is the moment in which she comes to the death cell to say goodbye to Montgomery Clift, with whom she has been madly in love.

She Sounded Very Sad Indeed

"The scene," says a studio announcement, "has Hollywood raving about the depth of Elizabeth's acting ability. In all comments, reference is made to the fact that her voice sounds exactly like that of a girl who has cried her lungs out and is fighting to hold back more tears. So a dive in an icy lake brought on a cold which ultimately made for an effective voice."

Though this may be a neat enough explanation of Elizabeth's current success, it throws no light on her remarkable development from a London schoolgirl into a young woman earning more than £500 a week as a film actress. Her extraordinary career began when she played opposite the canine "heroine," Lassie. Elizabeth's sole comment on this association with Lassie is: "He bit me!"

Lassie's indiscretion, and his true sex, are two memories that Elizabeth would like to pass over. Her love of animals is one of the few subjects that she discusses with animation, and even by mentioning Lassie's lapse (or display) of taste, she feels she is being unfair to a great animal

Ranked as one of America's ten most beautiful women, lauded by sailors as "The Girl We'd Abandon Ship For," Elizabeth Taylor is a top box office star—and she's still sweet nineteen

Michael Wilding, Elizabeth Taylor, Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons at a film première in Hollywood last month. Elizabeth is reticent about her romances, but at the year's end the rumour started that she and Michael Wilding were planning to be married

actor. This fondness for four-legged friends is the outstanding remnant of Elizabeth's English upbringing, a period which ended in 1939. Although she is almost an annual visitor to Britain—she has made thirty-one Atlantic crossings—the Hampstead Elizabeth has become submerged in the glittering life of the Hollywood Liz.

Her advent on the screen was hailed by the proclamation: "COCKNEY SPARROW GAINS FAME AT ELEVEN!" Actually, the home where she was born and where she lived for her first seven years is notoriously out of the range of Bow Bells. The house, in Wildwood Road in Hampstead Garden Suburb, is provided with a private tennis court at the back and a fountain and pool in the front—amenities seldom available to cockneys.

Elizabeth herself makes no claim to a rags-to-riches career, and giggles at the caricature of her Anglo-American background. She also tries to leave the impression that the description of her as a spoiled child—the result of her brief marriage to Conrad Hilton—is equally removed from the truth. Elizabeth surprises people who meet her for the first time by a lack of side, a readiness to talk on any subject (bar her divorce) and an absence of pretension.

Never Wears Stockings

In the privacy of her home, after a day at the studios, she is the picture of a normal nineteen-year-old girl. She wears informal clothes—frequently a woman's version of a man's shirt tucked into a circular quilted skirt. She never wears stockings, a fact that caused her some discomfort while she was making the film *Ivanhoe* at Boreham Wood recently: as Rebecca she had to wear long woollen stockings. Her voice tends to be shallow in private conversation. On the screen, it drops several registers and helps to achieve a sultry effect in accord with her magnificent colouring and adult (and very real) figure.

Elizabeth makes no analysis of the characters she plays. She did not even read *Ivanhoe* in its original form. She is amenable to, but seldom requ , detailed direction. She does not remember king a study of acting other than under her m other, who used to coach her from the sidelines with a series of hand signals.

Mother, a former actress, was paid about £20 a week (the customary fee for movie mothers) to keep a watchful eye on her daughter. Mrs. Taylor's supervision included sitting just outside camera range and communing with Elizabeth by means of a private tic-tac code. If Elizabeth did not seem to be paying heed, Mrs. Taylor would touch her head with her finger. Hand on heart meant not enough feeling, and when mother put her hand on her stomach, Elizabeth knew it was the sign to lower her voice.

Her Bachelor-girl Flat

Mrs. Taylor no longer guides her daughter. Elizabeth struck off on her own about a year ago and, until a reconciliation last October, she was not even on speaking terms with her family.

The bachelor-girl era began when Elizabeth rented herself a flat in Hollywood's Wilshire Boulevard. She is proud of having persuaded the landlady into lopping eight guineas a month off the rent because a telephone pole mars the view from her window. The flat is rented furnished, and no more reflects Elizabeth's taste than did the London hotel room where she lived while working in Britain in the summer.

This Hollywood flat of her own represents a definite break with the sort of life Elizabeth knew under the family roof. Mother, who is described as "movie-minded," redecorated Elizabeth's room in the family home while her daughter was on her honeymoon. The room was given new periwinkle-blue walls and a Dubonnet carpet, and the work was barely completed before Elizabeth arrived back in Hollywood after her eventful wedding tour.

Now Elizabeth shares quarters with Peggy Rutledge, a capable secretary-companion, who used to work for Bob Hope. Peggy was discovered by Elizabeth's agent and has become an integral part of the new bachelor-girl life. Each girl has her own bedroom. A maid named Irene comes in every day. Cooking is limited to the preparation of breakfast—coffee by Peggy and toast by Elizabeth.

This new life is also remarkable for Elizabeth's interest in financial affairs. "I'm broke," Elizabeth declares—a somewhat startling statement in view of her income of more than £500 a week. Actually, the sum is whittled down by payment of ten per cent to her agent, five per cent to a business manager, Peggy Rutledge's salary and the high cost of living in the manner to which a star is accustomed.

The penalties of being a star and of being recognized whenever she walks into a shop are well known to Elizabeth. "I shouldn't be let out alone," she says, describing an expensive encounter with a jeweller. "I paid £160 for a bracelet, and now everyone tells me I was overcharged." On her honeymoon in Paris she spent one day at an expensive *couturière* who had asked for the privilege of designing a dress for her. The dress was created, publicity photographs were taken for the benefit of the designer—and Elizabeth was handed a bill for £125.

Her Divorce Is Taboo

Clothes and animals are the two subjects on which Elizabeth likes to talk. Mention of either causes her to lean forward in her chair. Usually she flops rather than sits—she either stretches her legs or curls them under her so that she can rest her pointed chin on her knees. She is reticent on marriage—"I don't think I am a very good person to give anyone any advice." And she maintained this reticence when her name began to be linked romantically with Michael Wilding's.

Elizabeth's divorce from Hilton (the decree is not yet final) is taboo. Before meeting the young star, interviewers are cross-examined as to their intentions. If the visitor wishes to ask

Elizabeth (fifteen here) with her mother, a former actress. Her father is an art dealer

Elizabeth about her divorce, he is instructed to say: "Do you want to talk about your divorce?" The answer to this query is provided by the studio in advance. It is a firm "No."

Although Elizabeth was born and brought up in Hampstead Garden Suburb, it is carefully stressed in her American publicity that she is the daughter of American-born parents. Francis Taylor, her father, is an art dealer, who until 1939 had a London gallery. Elizabeth's godfather, however, was the late Colonel Victor Cazalet, M.P., and her fondest memories of her first seven years are of the Cazalet estate in Kent. The Taylors spent summers in the estate lodge, which was actually a fourteen-roomed house, and it was there that Elizabeth started collecting all manner of animals, from guinea pigs to horses.

Betty, Her First Horse

Horses have played a big part in Elizabeth's life. Her first prominent film rôle was in *National Velvet*, the tale of a little girl who dresses up as a boy and rides the family horse to victory in the Big Race. According to Elizabeth's employers, she was prepared for this part by a mastery over horseflesh which she displayed as early as the age of four.

"When Elizabeth was four," a studio biography declares, "Colonel Cazalet gave her a beautiful wild field horse, Betty, which the child alone could handle. On one occasion Anthony Eden, a guest of Colonel Cazalet's, asked to ride Betty. He was warned about the mare but insisted on trying her. He was thrown three times, gave up and conceded exclusive rights to Elizabeth."

Elizabeth says that this excerpt from her life story is unfair both to Eden and Betty. "I remember Betty very well," she says. "She came from Newfoundland or somewhere. She was fifteen hands high and wonderful with children, but she resented authority. I had a golden retriever named Monty, who was the only one who could go out into the fields and persuade Betty to come in with him."

Monty, the retriever, went to the United States with the Taylors in 1939 and lived with the family until his death three years ago. He was Elizabeth's solace when, at the age of seven, she faced her first critical barrage—from the California youngsters who teased her about her English accent. "They accused my brother and me of being Little Lord Fauntleroys," Elizabeth says. "We were always being teased for saying 'bawth' and 'bawnawnaws.' It drove us to desperation, and we deliberately set out to acquire Texan accents."

So "Liz" It Became

The formal Elizabeth, as she was called in family circles, disappeared about the same time. Brother Howard, who is three years older than Elizabeth, nicknamed her "Liz," which sounded more American. "I didn't like it because it reminded me of lizards," Elizabeth says, "but I'm used to it now." The Taylor children were sent to American schools, which helped to erase the carefully modulated tones Elizabeth had learned at her expensive London school.

"The only thing I remember about school in England," she said recently, "is the uniform. We were all alike in green tunics."

"That sounds like a reform school," commented an American friend.

"All schools were like reform schools to me," replied Elizabeth, who suffered from a California law that required her to put in three hours of schooling a day until she graduated from secondary school. The educational process was even fitted into her studio schedule, and resulted in Elizabeth literally stepping from the classroom into the arms of one of her screen lovers. After emoting for the camera, she would retire again to the discipline of her tutors.

One of these teachers, white-haired Birdina Anderson of the Los Angeles Board of Education, accompanied Elizabeth to Britain in 1948 when she played her first adult rôle in *The Conspirators*. This was the occasion of her first kiss from Robert Taylor—an impact, it was recorded at the time, that dislocated one of Elizabeth's vertebrae. This strenuous bit of osculation occurred between sessions in Miss Anderson's improvised schoolroom. "Wouldn't it be nice," said the sixteen-year-old Elizabeth, "if Miss Anderson dropped right through the floor?"

Looked Like Vivien Leigh

Compulsory schooling until the age of eighteen or graduation was one of the conditions Elizabeth had to accept when she embarked on a screen career. The occasion was neatly embroidered by the publicity department in the following vignette: "Because producer Sam Marx and Francis L. Taylor are fellow air raid wardens in Hollywood, Taylor's daughter today has started a film career. Nine-year-old Elizabeth Taylor brought her father some sandwiches one night while he was on duty and met Marx. It happened just when Marx was looking for a girl to play in *Lassie Comes Home*."

"That," says Elizabeth with delightful candour, "is all hooey. Sam Marx was one of our neighbours. I didn't meet him for the first time in any old air raid warden's post." She maintains that she herself decided on a film career. "When we first moved to California," she says, "they were making *Gone with the Wind*. People thought I looked like Vivien Leigh. They'd stop me in the street and say so. That planted the seed, and I started a campaign to talk my parents into a screen career. They said they wanted me to be normal."

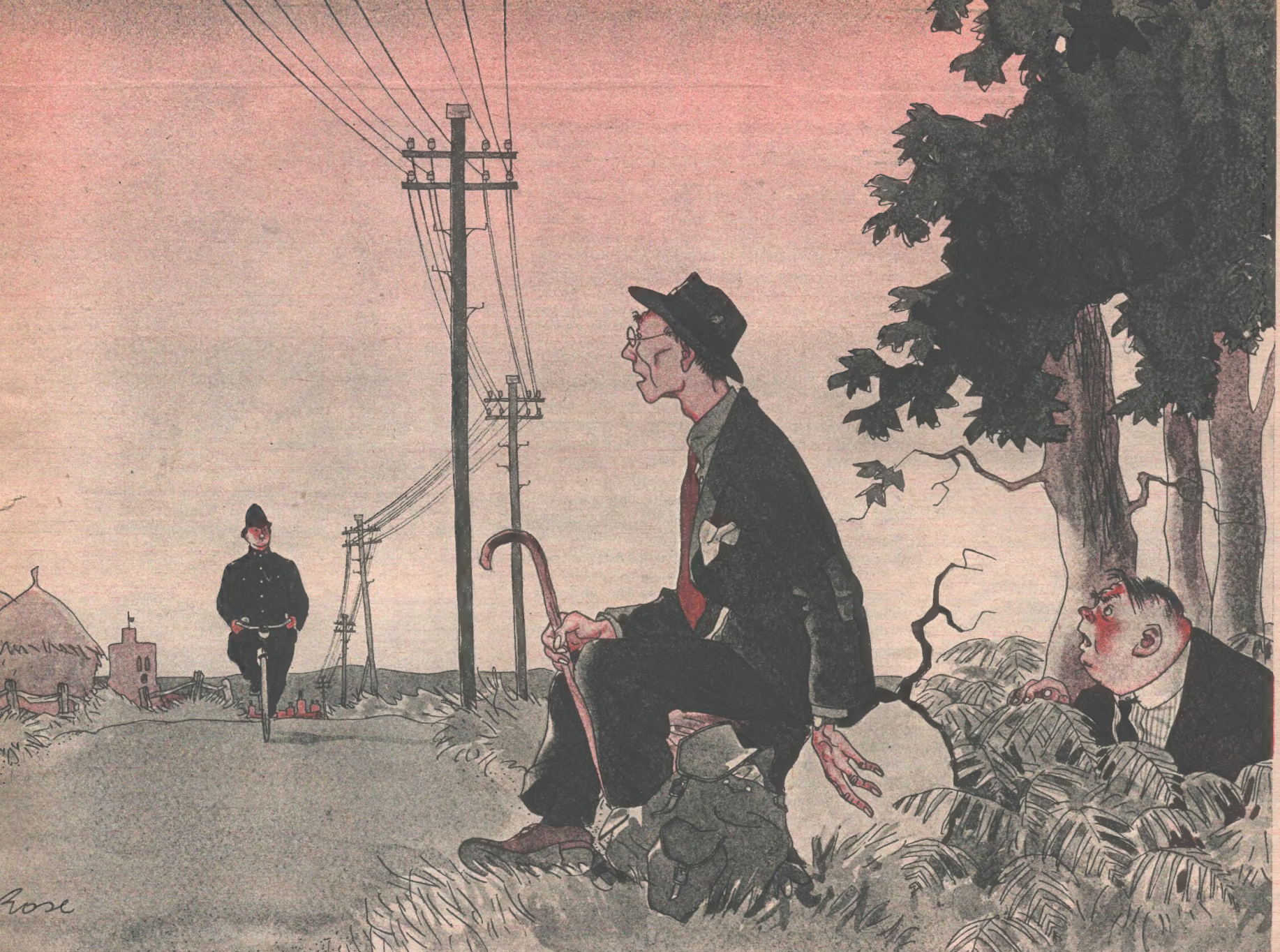
The young lady got her way, and the Elizabeth Taylor legends began to grow. The saga reached its first heights when Elizabeth captured the lead in *National Velvet*. The official version of this incident has the girl reading

Continued on page 32

Her wedding to Conrad Hilton. Their honeymoon included visits to the Duke of Windsor and the Pope. After 205 days, the marriage broke up

Scene from *A Place In the Sun*, with Montgomery Clift. Hollywood raved about her acting, but her husky histrionics were really due to a cold

Elizabeth (twelve) in *National Velvet*, her first big rôle. She loves animals and once wrote a book, called *Nibbles and Me*, about a pet chipmunk



At the sight of the policeman, Wilfred lowered his voice. "Down!" he said, without looking at Harold. "Get under that bracken and stay there"

One for the road

by WILL SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

At every pub, Harold would nip in for a quick one while Wilfred waited alone outside. For twenty years the arrangement had held good. Then came trouble

TWO MEN SAT ON A BANK by the side of a lane high up on that part of the North Downs where there are more woods than fields. One of them was looking at a lark trembling its way into the empty blue sky. He hadn't a care in the world. The other was looking at his watch. He was worried.

You'd never have expected to see these two men together. One was thin and pale, with sticking-out cheekbones and sunken cheeks, so that you very nearly shuddered for him when you thought of the daily shave. He was a very cheerful man, though, and he was thoroughly enjoying himself sitting there on the North Downs, doing nothing at all but watch the lark. The other was plumper and shorter and red in the face, and he certainly wasn't enjoying himself. He was on the fidget all the time.

If you could have gone into such intimate matters with these two men you would have found that they hadn't a single thing in common.

They could never agree about anything, not even a lark in the sky. But they were the greatest friends in the world, for all that, and had been for many years. They liked nothing better than being together. That's the odd way of people.

Suddenly the thin man took his thoughts away from the climbing lark and spoke to his companion. "You wouldn't have thought, twenty years ago when we started these walks of ours, that we'd still be doing them, all this time afterwards."

The red-faced man made no response. He didn't seem to care much about these walks of theirs.

"The places we've seen," the thin man went on. "The Yorkshire dales, the Border, the Lakes, the Broads, the Cotswolds, that lovely little valley in South Devon that we didn't stir out of for a whole fortnight. And now this. Twenty years. It's a long time. We had the world before us then."

"Yes, yes!" said the red-faced one in a very testy way. "But have you seen this?" And he whipped up his watch and thrust it in front of his friend's face.

"There's plenty of time, Harold," said the thin man. "We've got all day."

Harold, who hated his name and didn't like to hear it spoken out loud like this, said: "There is *not* plenty of time. We have *not* got all day." Then he added in a pettish way, to get his own back, "Wilfred Shuttle."

"Very well, then," said the thin Wilfred Shuttle, who didn't seem to mind his name. "I suppose we'd better be getting along."

Even as they got to their feet, the clock on the village church somewhere down in the valley began to strike the hour.

"There you are!" snapped Harold. "What did I tell you?" And he put on a spurt, so that soon he was going along the road a yard or two in front of Wilfred Shuttle.

Before long they came to a little pot-house which stood by itself at the side of the road, very nearly hidden in trees. It was called the

Continued on page 29

The man who spent seventeen months in a Red jail suffered a continuous inquisition for sixty-five hours after his arrest. At last he "confessed," but his captors wanted more. Then he tried to kill himself

How Stalin's police made me confess

by ROBERT A. VOGELER
with Leigh White

During his trial in Budapest, Robert Vogeler answers questions about a letter written by him. Beyond him is Edgar Sanders, the Englishman who was also jailed

IT WAS TWELVE THIRTY on November 18, 1949, when I was searched and detained at the Hungarian frontier station of Hegyeshalom. I was confident that Lieut.-Colonel John T. Hoyne, of the American Legation, when he crossed the frontier, would notice that my name had not been listed in the register of arrivals and departures lying open on the desk at the frontier control post. It was only an hour's trip to Vienna, and it would not be long, I thought, before the American authorities learned of my arrest.

Two agents in civilian clothes arrived at three o'clock to take me back to Budapest. One of them—a major, as I later discovered—was a bald, stocky man with a hoarse voice; the other, a captain, was taller and younger—an evil-looking man with a broken nose and a straggly blond moustache. They led me outside to a black car, driven by a chauffeur, and made me sit between them in the rear. Warning me to keep my hands on my knees, they took out automatic pistols which they rested in their laps.

Curtains Pulled Down

They pulled down a black curtain and hooked it to the back of the driver's seat—to prevent oncoming motorists from seeing who was inside, I suppose. The curtains on the rear and side windows were not lowered until we reached the outskirts of Budapest. It was already dark, but the curtains were translucent, and I could tell from the reflection of the street lights against certain public buildings exactly where we were.

Crossing the Danube, we followed the Leopold and Theresa rings as far as the Octagon, once renamed in honour of Hitler and now renamed in honour of Stalin. We turned left at Stalin Square and drove two blocks, turning left again into Csengery Street and then right into a driveway. The car paused long enough for two metal doors to be opened, and then it moved forward and stopped. The doors closed behind us. We were inside a small garage—the prisoners' entrance to the group of buildings then known collectively as 60 Andrassy Avenue. The name of the street has since been changed, however, and the headquarters of the AVO, the Hungarian section of the Russian political police, is now more appropriately known as 60 Stalin Avenue.

The elder of my captors, the major, led me through another steel door into a dimly lighted antechamber full of guards. Two of the guards led us up a dark, winding stairway. The younger man, the captain, followed at my heels, and two more guards brought up the rear. It was difficult for me to keep my shoes on without laces and I happened to stumble, whereupon the captain gave me a violent shove. For hours I had been struggling to control my emotions; now I was filled with sudden anger. I turned around and hit the captain a glancing blow on the cheek. He immediately replied by hitting me over the right temple with his drawn automatic.

I was escorted through a series of rooms into an inner office, elegantly furnished with chairs, sofas and oriental rugs.

To my left as I entered was a small blond man seated behind a large desk. To his left sat a mousy-looking woman with a pimpled face. On the wall beside her was a portrait of Lenin in a peaked cap. To the right of the blond man's desk was a dark red sofa and, on the wall behind it, a portrait of Matyas Roth, alias Rakosi, the Communist viceroy of Hungary. Rakosi's unloving subjects call him "Potato Head."

On the right of Rakosi's portrait was a closed door. At the other end of the room were two casement windows with drawn red curtains. On the wall between them, facing the blond man at the desk, was a portrait of Stalin. Beneath the portrait was another dark red sofa, and on either side of it were two overstuffed chairs.

Lamp Focused On Eyes

Immediately in front of the desk was a plain wooden chair in which I was told to sit. As I did so, the blond man adjusted the chromium reflector of his desk lamp so that it shone straight into my eyes. My head still ached from the blow that I had received, and in the glare my swollen right eye began to water. Presently it closed altogether and I had to squint at the blond man out of my left eye, which also began to water. My two captors left with two of the guards. Two other men in civilian clothes sat behind me in the overstuffed chairs, and the two other guards stood watch at the door through which we had entered.

"Good evening," said the blond man in English.

"Good evening," I said. "Am I under arrest?"

The blond man turned to the mousy woman, who translated my question into Hungarian. "Good evening," it seemed, had exhausted his knowledge of English.

"You speak German, no?" said the woman.

"*Bin ich verhaftet?*" I asked again. "Am I under arrest?"

"You are being held for questioning," she translated.

"Why?" They ignored my question. "May I telephone the American Legation?"

"It's too late now," the blond man said. "The legation will be closed. Perhaps when we have finished you will be permitted to telephone. In the meantime I have some questions to ask you."

My eyes were watering so badly that I had to wipe them every now and then with the back of my hand. I hoped that the blond man would focus the lamp in another direction. Every time I moved my head, however, he readjusted the

lamp so that it shone straight into my watering eyes. No. 1, as I shall call him, was the first of my two inquisitors. I never learned his name.

"Why did you come to Hungary?" he asked.

"I came to Hungary at the invitation of your Government to negotiate a commercial agreement."

No. 1's voice, which had been almost genial up to now, became suddenly harsh. "Here we will drop all pretence. I want you to tell me the real reason why you came to Hungary."

"That was the real reason."

"We won't get anywhere if you lie. You'll learn soon enough that we have methods to obtain the truth."

"I have told the truth," I said.

No. 1 smiled and shook his head as if he were dealing with a retarded child. He handed me a cigarette and a box of Swedish safety matches. "Smoke as much as you like," he said, "we're going to be here for a long time."

A guard came in with a tray on which were two glasses of coffee. No. 1 took a glass and gave the other to me. It was strong, heavily sweetened Italian coffee, and I drank it with relish, for I had eaten nothing since breakfast, and it was now seven thirty. I could tell the time by glancing at No. 1's wrist-watch.

Accused Of Espionage

"Why did you come to Hungary?" he repeated.

"I've already told you," I said. "I came to Hungary to negotiate an agreement."

"As you know," said No. 1, "Zoltan Rado was arrested two weeks ago. Imre Geiger and his family were arrested last week while trying to escape from Hungary with your assistance. They and the others whom we have arrested have accused you of directing their espionage and sabotage activities."

Until that moment I had expected merely to be accused of sabotage—a Communist crime so vague and all-embracing that it has no legal meaning. Espionage, however, was something quite different. If Geiger and Rado had indeed confessed to "espionage," and had blamed me for their "crimes," it meant that I would not be allowed to get off easily.

I spoke for ten minutes in German without interruption while No. 1's secretary took notes in shorthand. I mentioned, in general terms, almost everything I had done. I failed to mention, of course, the fact that I had obtained a copy of the agreement that the Government had drafted with the Dutch electrical company.

As the secretary translated my remarks into Hungarian, No. 1 began to make unpleasant faces, glancing first at her and then at me, as if he could not believe his ears. "Lies, lies, lies," he said. "Everything you say is a lie."

He then began to dictate to his secretary in Hungarian. When he had finished, she read his speech back to me in German. It was a systematic distortion of everything that I had said. What it amounted to was a confession that my work for International Telephone and Telegraph had merely been a blind for my "real" activities as an intelligence officer of the United States Army, and that my "real" task in Hungary had been to obtain state secrets by unlawful methods and to sabotage the planned economy. It was then that I lost my temper.

Cold Water Treatment

"I'm not going to answer any more questions," I said, "if you insist on twisting everything I say. You're apparently not interested in the truth."

No. 1 nodded to the agents who were sitting behind me. They dragged me through the door next to Rakosi's portrait into a large and surprisingly dirty bathroom. In one corner was a bath full of cold water. They made me strip and then grabbed me by my arms and legs and threw me, struggling, into the bath. Laughing and sh. ting, they began to duck me in the water, holding my head under for such long intervals that I was choking and gasping for breath when they finally let me go.

"Have you cooled off now?" asked No. 1 as they sat me in the chair again before his desk. I had been forced to dress without drying myself and I was clammy with cold. But, in some ways, I felt better than I had before. The ducking had renewed my determination to resist.

"That's only one method we have of treating hot tempers," said No. 1 as he readjusted the desk lamp so that it shone into my eyes. "I warn you not to lose your temper again or we'll have to try a more effective method." And then it began again, the same questions and the same answers, and the same mock incredulity on No. 1's part that I should be so foolish as to expect him to believe my "lies."

Ordered To Write Truth

"Here's a pencil and some paper," he said at last. "I'm going to leave you alone with your conscience. While I'm gone, I want you to write me the true story of your treacherous activities."

It was then a little after eleven, according to No. 1's wrist-watch. As he and his secretary left the office, the two agents who had been sitting behind me moved over to the sofa. The two guards at the door were relieved by two replacements, who stood beside me as I wrote —exactly what I had already said.

No. 1 and his secretary returned at three o'clock, when both the agents and the two guards were relieved. One of the fresh guards placed in front of me a tray with another glass of coffee and two small sandwiches on it. I munched the sandwiches greedily as the secretary read aloud, in Hungarian, what I had written in German.

"No," said No. 1 when she had finished. "This will never do. All you've written is a pack of lies." He then told the secretary to read me the text of a typescript in German, which had evidently been prepared while they were out of the office. Every now and then she would stop and ask, in reference to a given statement: "Is that true?" It was usually a gross distortion of the truth. Although I did not know it at the time, the typescript was the first of more than twenty "confessions" that I would be asked to sign. I refused to sign it, and so the inquisition was continued.

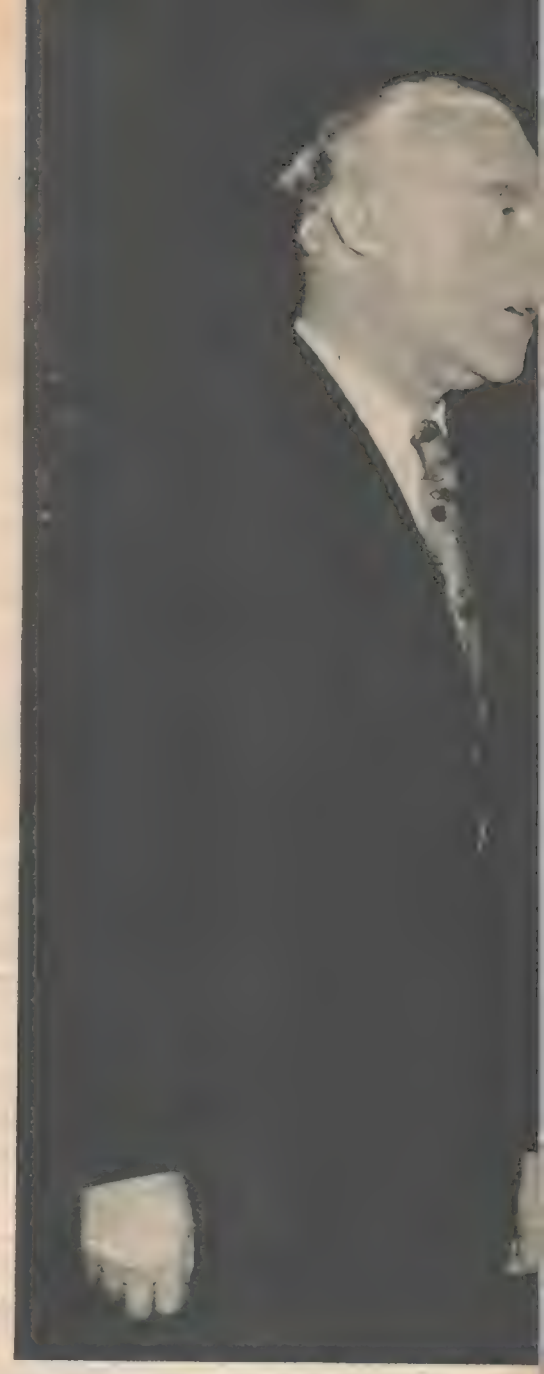
The second session lasted until seven in the morning, when No. 1 and his secretary again left the office. For the next four hours I was made to write, and then No. 1 and his secretary returned for another four hours of questioning.

Vivid Hallucinations

Such was the routine that was followed for sixty-five hours, from seven on Friday night until noon on Monday, November 21. Every time the guards were changed, I was given another glass of coffee. I was also provided with all the cigarettes that I could smoke. Except for the two small sandwiches, however, I was given nothing to eat until Monday afternoon. Late on Saturday night I fell out of my chair from sheer exhaustion, but the agents picked me up and gave me a vigorous shaking. Thereafter, every time I began to lose consciousness they would shake me until I felt that my head was falling off.

By Sunday I was suffering from hallucinations, some of which were extraordinarily vivid. On one occasion my wife Lucile appeared in the room and begged me to return to Vienna. Sometimes the coffee tasted as if it had been spiked with brandy, and sometimes the cigarettes tasted as if they had been perfumed. But perhaps these were merely taste manifestations of my visual hallucinations.

Shortly before noon on Monday, November 21, I agreed to sign the fifth of the "confessions" prepared for me by Inquisitor No. 1. It was so much less incriminating than the others, which



Imre Geiger (left) and Zoltan Rado face the Budapest court as their trial opens.

I had refused to sign, and it seemed to me, in my weakened state, to be hardly a confession at all. It was merely a summary of my true statements distorted in such a way as to indicate that I had contributed to certain unspecified acts of "sabotage" affecting Hungary's Three-Year Plan.

I signed, but not with my normal signature. No. 1 was not deceived. He ordered his secretary to re-type the confession, and I was told to sign each page properly. I did as I was told.

A guard brought in one of my suitcases, and No. 1 told me to change my dirty shirt. I was shaved, with my arms folded behind my back. Presently No. 1 and two of his subordinates appeared and, together with the two guards, they escorted me through a mirrored hallway into a large anteroom full of officers. A major announced that "the general" was expecting us. We were then ushered into an elaborate inner office.

The General Takes Over

The general, a small dark man, was seated behind a desk covered with silver ornaments, including a miniature horse and flamingo, in addition to an inkstand, a cigarette box, a lighter and several ash trays. He was dressed in a neat grey suit that matched his cropped grey hair and grey moustache. His heavy-lidded eyes, which were also grey, gave his leathery face a vaguely oriental cast. His hands had been freshly manicured, and his heavy jowls had been freshly shaved and powdered. His left shoulder, I noticed, was lower than his right.

Like No. 1's office, the floor was covered with oriental rugs, but unlike No. 1's office, from

Geiger was managing director of Standard Electric. Rado was a high-up civil servant

which the daylight had been excluded, the general's office was bright and sunny. I blinked in the unaccustomed brilliance as I sat before the general's desk.

General Crossed Wires

Staggered out from the desk on both sides of me were two rows of red leather easy chairs. In three of them sat men whom I had never seen before, but who would be present at most of my subsequent audiences with the general. One of them was the general's deputy, an enormously fat colonel with a row of Russian medals on his chest. He was the only man in uniform. The second was a dark, pudgy man with two missing fingers. He usually wore a brown shirt with a blue serge suit, and would later prove to be a major of the M.G.B., the foreign division of the Russian political police. The third man was a Hungarian civilian, the assistant State prosecutor. No. 1 and his subordinates sat in the remaining leather chairs.

Behind and to the right of the general's desk was an inter-office switchboard. In other circumstances I would have been amused by the way the general crossed his wires as he attempted to receive his incoming calls. On the wall behind the general's desk was a portrait of Matyas Rakosi. On the opposite wall were twin portraits of Lenin and Stalin in frames embossed with the insignia of the U.S.S.R.

"How are you feeling?" the general asked.

"Very tired," I said. He offered me an English cigarette from his silver box and passed me his silver lighter.

"You have been our prisoner for three days," he said, "and I suppose you're wondering if any inquiries have been made about you. So far, we haven't heard a word from the American Legation. You have admitted only a small part of your hostile activities. There is a great deal more that you have to tell us, and the sooner you do so the better. We have methods to loosen people's tongues, and we shall not hesitate to use them if we have to."

It was not until seventeen months later, just before I was released from prison, that I learned who the general was. He was Beno Ausspitz, alias Gabor Peter, the former tailor who was now the nominal chief of the AVO, the Hungarian section of the M.G.B. The original Gabor Peter, a friend of Laszlo Rajk's, was rumoured to have committed suicide prior to the latter's trial—which perhaps accounts for the fact that no photographs of the present Gabor Peter exist.

When Peter had finished his speech, I was led up a back stairway that was not protected by the usual wire grille. It occurred to me that I could commit suicide, if I wanted to, by vaulting into the stair well. My plight was apparently hopeless.

My Attempt At Suicide

As we neared the fourth floor, I gripped the banister with my hands and was just throwing my legs over when I was tackled by the man behind me. The two guards then caught me by the arms and dragged me into a small room. One of No. 1's subordinates called a doctor. He was a large man in a white smock, whose appearance, voice and manner reminded me of the actor, Sidney Greenstreet. "You won't be any good to us if you kill yourself," he said. "We want you to live and help us to demonstrate your guilt."

With the help of the two guards he made me take some pills—luminol, I suppose—and before I had time to regret my unsuccessful suicide I was fast asleep. It was the first sleep that I had had in seventy-eight hours.

After my release from prison I learned that the Ministry of Internal Affairs, on Tuesday, November 22, had issued a communique announcing that Imre Geiger had been arrested when trying to escape from Hungary, and that he had confessed to espionage and sabotage. Because of his confession, "the State authorities have taken into custody Robert Vogeler, American, and Edgar Sanders, Briton, who, during their examination, confessed in detail their sabotage and other hostile activities against the Hungarian People's Republic."

Sanders, a cousin of the actor, George Sanders, was International Telephone and Telegraph's Budapest accountant. I was, of course, unaware at the time that Edgar had even been arrested. Neither was I aware of the arrest of my secretary, Mrs. Gyorgy Zador, and the others with whom I would soon be confronted.

Lucile Gave The Alarm

After my release from prison I also learned, to my surprise, that Lieut.-Colonel John T. Hoyne, the assistant military attaché, had failed to report my disappearance on his arrival in Vienna. But he had at least delivered the brief case, and my wife Lucile had drawn the obvious conclusion. She telephoned to the Budapest Legation late on Friday night, and on Saturday morning the American minister, Nathaniel P. Davis, called on Gyula Kallai, the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, to demand an immediate investigation. When nothing happened, in spite of repeated telephone calls, Davis again visited Kallai on Tuesday afternoon.

It was only then that Kallai admitted that I had been arrested. He attempted to justify my arrest on the ground that I had already confessed to "espionage and sabotage," but Davis apparently protested so vigorously that the subsequent communiqué made no mention of espionage.

NEXT WEEK: I am briefed for my part in the great "trial"

This man is described by Hungary as Gabor Peter. Vogeler declares that he is Peter's double

Matyas Rakosi, Communist viceroy of Hungary. He is known as "Potato Head," says Vogeler

Hornblower the gambler

by C. S. FORESTER

Maria wept at her prospects. Hornblower had money in his pocket, a new look in his eyes—and the press gang was out. She couldn't bear to lose him now

FOR HORNBLOWER, home from victory in the West Indies, peacetime England is a cruel place. Paid off from his ship, his commission as commander unconfirmed, he lives in squalid lodgings in Portsmouth (made bearable only by Maria, the landlady's adoring daughter) and makes a precarious living playing whist at a gaming-hall.

Lieutenant Bush, his old friend on the *Renown*, little better off but living with his sisters in the country, visits Portsmouth monthly to collect his half-pay. He accompanies Hornblower to the tables but does not play. He can only watch aghast as Hornblower, after winning a couple of rounds in a game with two admirals and a colonel, agrees to raising the stakes to a critical five shillings a trick.

☆ ☆ ☆

Now the stakes were really serious; by Bush's calculation a really disastrous rubber might cost Hornblower twenty pounds, and his further calculation told him that Hornblower could hardly have more than twenty pounds tucked away in his breast pocket. It was a relief to him when Hornblower and Admiral Lambert won the next rubber easily.

"This is a most enjoyable evening," said Lambert, and he smiled with a glance down at the fistful of the colonel's money he was holding. "Nor am I referring to any monetary gains."

"Instructive as well as amusing," said Admiral Parry, paying out to Hornblower.

Play proceeded, silently as ever, the silence broken only by the brief interchanges of remarks between rubbers. Now that he could afford it, fortunately, Hornblower lost a rubber, but it was a cheap one, and he immediately won another profitable one. His gains mounted steadily with hardly a setback. It was growing late, and Bush was feeling weary, but the players showed few signs of fatigue.

The other players drifted away from the room; later still, the curtained door opened and the gamblers from the inner room came streaming out, some noisy, some silent, and the marquis made his appearance, silent and unruffled, to watch the final rubbers with unobtrusive interest, seeing to it that the candles were snuffed and fresh ones brought, and new cards ready on demand. It was Parry who first glanced at the clock.

"Half past three," he said. "Perhaps you gentlemen——?"

"Too late to go to bed now, my lord," said the colonel. "Sir Richard and I have to be up early, as you know."

"My orders are all given," said Lambert.

"So are mine," said the colonel.

Bush was stupid with long late hours spent in a stuffy atmosphere, but he thought he noticed

Continued on page 25

A crowd of sailors was surging towards them. Hornblower called sharply to the midshipman who seemed to be in the lead. "What's all this?"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

An African family listen in with their Poor Man's Set. They have accepted radio with enthusiasm, but tribal spirits still must not be offended

The Saucepan Special rouses Africa

by OLGA ILLNER

For people just out of the bow-and-arrow age, a window on the world has been opened by Henry Franklin's £6 radio

ONE DAY IN JANUARY, 1950, a sturdy African walked into Booth Stores at Abercorn, Northern Rhodesia. When he came out he carried something under his arm that looked like a saucepan, except that it had no handle. He carried it carefully over 400 miles of bumpy road, back to his native village of Urambo. There he set it down gingerly on the bare floor of his hut. Soon afterwards he began a letter to the director of the Central African Broadcasting Station at Lusaka: "I am with great pleasure to inform you that I bought new wireless set for Africans. . . ."

Mg'Ambi of Urambo had become the proud possessor of a radio set—a luxury previously out of his reach. Specially designed for the African market, at £6 5s. it was the cheapest short-wave dry battery receiver ever produced.

In little more than two years this new set has wrought big changes in Africa. The "Saucepan Specials" are being bought by Africans at the rate of 800 a month. And African broadcasting, which ten years ago did not exist, is becoming a tremendous force in the African's life—a force which may help to speed his emergence from poverty and ignorance.

Witchcraft Was A Rival

The story of the Saucepan Special really starts nearly eleven years ago on March 3, 1941, when Henry Franklin, Assistant Secretary for Native Affairs at Government headquarters, Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia, picked up his favourite ash-tray and took it to a room two floors below to start on a new job—to inform Africans about the progress of the war. The vast majority of his potential public were only just beginning to emerge from the age of bow and arrow. Few among them had ever heard of Roosevelt, Churchill or Stalin. Words like Fascism, Communism and Democracy meant nothing to an illiterate people to whom witchcraft and sorcery were still very real.

Radio, it seemed to Franklin, was the most promising means of reaching such a primitive audience; but the only broadcasting facilities were one twelve-foot room and a 300-watt transmitter. Listening facilities were negligible. Practically no Africans possessed a radio set; a man cannot be expected to buy a £20 set if £20 represents five months' wages.

Henry Franklin did his best. He got hold of 300 receivers and sent them to various villages, hoping to encourage community listening. He also asked Europeans to encourage their employees to listen. In those early days, he was his own editor and producer. He had to switch himself on and off, and when a thunderstorm blew a fuse, he had to run 300 yards in pelting rain to repair it. He was sometimes "bitten" off the air by rats that had developed a taste for insulated wire. But he learned two lessons.

One was that the average African, given a chance to listen, would take to radio like a duck to water. The other was that radio could satisfy the African's awakening thirst for knowledge, and give a new interest to a people deprived by the white man of most of their traditional but often anti-social pleasures without anything being put in their place. So Franklin decided to stick it out until he could get somebody to make really cheap radio sets.

But he did not get his cheap radio immediately after the war, as he had hoped. Manufacturers would not be convinced that the African could afford even a Poor Man's Set. Success came when he least expected it. On leave in London, he met Magnus Goodfellow, chairman of a famous battery and radio firm. Franklin "sold" Goodfellow his idea in less than two hours.

After that, things happened quickly. With the help of the B.B.C., prototypes of the Poor Man's Set were prepared. There was only one

Franklin shows tribesmen a Saucepan Special. He had to learn a new broadcasting technique

slight complication: the colour of the new set. There was virtually no colour that would not arouse local prejudice. Black was out of the question, for many Africans would associate it with witchcraft. Red, to the West Coast Africans, was symbolic of murder. Finally, blue was chosen as the colour likely to arouse the least prejudice.

A set of somewhat drastic instructions was worked out, including some emphatic "Don'ts" —"Do not drop this wireless or shake it about or beat it. Do not try to take it to pieces. When you want to listen turn the knob of the wireless to the right. When you have finished listening turn the knob back again. If you leave this knob turned right for a very long time the wireless will die because the battery will die. You must remember this."

At last, in October, 1949, the first batch of 2,000 Saucepan Specials arrived in Africa. Within four months the sets were sold out. Today, the African broadcasting scene has completely changed. The one-room radio station with its two ancient microphones has been replaced by an impressive steel, chromium and concrete building. Towering radio masts, high on the hills outside the city, carry the signal of Lusaka station over an area as big as Western Europe. And Franklin's prediction, made in 1949, that every African village could have at least one radio set in five years' time, has every chance of coming true.

Millions Could Be Sold

Production of the Saucepan Special at present is only 2,000 a month, and the shortage of raw materials makes expansion a slow process. But potential sales count in millions. Fifteen countries are now queueing up at the Wolverhampton factory, trying to get a small quota of Saucepan Specials. The Poor Man's Radio has a firm foothold in Ceylon and the Belgian Congo. It is due to appear in the Sudan, Turkey, Egypt, Ethiopia, Siam, Burma, Sarawak, British Guiana, Samoa and the Fiji Islands. And it will eventually go all over the world—wherever there are poor agricultural populations to whom a cheap radio means a window on the world.

Though Franklin has made a success of radio in Rhodesia he has had little radio experience. He has tried his hand most successfully at a strange variety of jobs. He is a barrister, and took an honours degree and a post-graduate diploma in education at Oxford. He has been a provincial administrator, an Inspector of Native Education in Africa, a police magistrate and a war correspondent. In between, he went on many odd missions, including one deep into the heart of Africa to locate a locust-breeding place.

Western psychologists would probably sum up Henry Franklin as a bad case of restlessness. But, to the Africans, this tall, forty-five year old Londoner is Chimbalagonda — The Man of Courage. Franklin himself prefers to remember the less heroic aspects of his radio career—such as the time when he picked up an H.M.V. record and announced it as "His Majesty's Voice," or when he nearly announced Chopin's Impromptu in A Flat as *Impromptu in a flat*.

News Told As Folklore

What Franklin had to learn was a new technique of broadcasting—the technique of broadcasting to people to whom one cannot simply say, "Stalin said yesterday. . . ." He had to learn how to put it over as, "Stalin, the chief of Russia, which is a country a long way from here and many times as big as Northern Rhodesia. . . ."

He found it impossible to translate straightforward English into African vernacular. The English had to be written so as to make sense to the native translator, taking into account the folklore and the colourful way in which Africans interpret the world around them. If, for instance, a politician had made a forceful speech, and Franklin wanted to convey to his listeners that such a speech could not have been made without the approval of the party's official leaders, he would have to make use of something like: "The jackal never barks loudly unless he has his bottom against a big tree." If the contrary had to be conveyed, he would have said: "He does not stand in the shadow of the chief."

An English-speaking audience, in need of a pep talk, would understand a direct statement such as: "You've got to work harder if you want to get results." An African understands much better if he is told: "One finger will not pick up a louse."

Another complication in African broadcasting is illiteracy. How, for instance, is a play to be produced if the cast cannot read? Africans make up their plays as they go along. First, the plot is agreed, and then the words are fitted in by the players. These unscripted plays can lead to embarrassing results. Franklin recalls the occasion when an African, playing the part of a police constable, had to tell off an African woman who was obviously lying. He heaped such invective over his partner's head that questions were asked by the Press and in the local council, though no one ventured to repeat the actual words used. Today there is a censor's key which can be pressed down when players get too exuberant.

Africans have shown remarkably little resentment against the intrusion of the microphone into their native customs, music and folklore. But sometimes the producer has to step carefully. No producer who cares for his life would ever try to get a recording of the famous dance of the Ncheu tribe. On this occasion the Ncheus dress up as wild animals; when the dance is over all costumes are burned and infinite care is taken to remove every sign that a dance has taken place. Were it recorded, the tribal spirits would take grave offence.

A Drink For The Spirits

But these complete taboos are rare. An enterprising producer even managed to persuade Africans from the Gold Coast to broadcast one of the most jealously guarded ceremonies—the death rites which are drummed out only when a great chief dies. But the broadcast did not pass off without a great deal of anxiety. There had already been much pacifying of the spirits before the holy drums had been allowed to leave tribal soil for the studio. When the drummers were seated in the studio, with their drums in a half circle around them, their nerve snapped. Would it not be advisable to make just one more offering to the spirits? Some sheep's blood or a chicken, maybe?

Finally they were persuaded to accept gin as a substitute. It was sprinkled before each drum so that the spirits might drink. On the wings of gin, courage returned, and finally, only one minute behind schedule, the drums began to throb out their message of death: "A strong bridge is broken . . . a mighty tree has fallen. . . ."

Producers have little guidance as to listeners' tastes; fan mail in a largely illiterate country is a most uncertain guide. However, something like a listener-research system is in the making. In Northern Rhodesia a listeners' club has already been formed. A literate African acts as chairman of the local club. He enlists helpers, including, among others, a schoolmaster, an illiterate villager, an African clergyman, a schoolboy or girl, a headman, a trader, a musician, and a European, if one can be found who is willing to attend. These helpers collect opinions from their neighbours. The clubs have been taken up with alacrity by Africans. To wear the badge of the club has become a sign of social distinction.

Cowboy Songs Make A Hit

Results which listener research has so far obtained are sometimes surprising. Tribal songs do not top the popularity list: that place is taken by American cowboy songs, which figure almost exclusively in *Zimene Mwatifunsa*, the African request programme which is the most popular feature. World news still ranks very low, but talks on the need to educate girls are surprisingly popular.

Radio has made a strong impact on isolated communities in the African interior. Chief Shinde, the head of the Balovale tribe, described in a letter to the broadcasting authorities how he brought a Saucepan Special to Mukandakunda, his capital. "I opened my wireless and I told all my people to come so that they could listen. They say: 'These Europeans are wonderful people and the wisdom which God gave them is incomparable.' " Shinde, who still wears a wristband of dried human organs cut from slaves by his ancestors, ends his letter with a request for more talks on sanitation, housewifery, the care of dams, and water reservation.

But perhaps the best summing-up of the new vision which Franklin's Poor Man's Radio has opened up to a primitive people is given by Jonathan Somati, who sat down in the shade of a palm tree in Fort Jameson and, in the best English he knew, laboriously scribbled out twenty words: "This wiless set doing more than cost therefore I seen we Africans we have a good chance of new life." THE END

Showing up the germs

by POWELL SMILY

How can invisible germs be studied? Faced with this problem, Edward Gurr starts to "doodle." The result is a new weapon against disease

Edward Gurr and his wife examine an animal embryo. By sectioning one of these, any type of microscopic stain can be tested, as the embryo contains examples of all the body cells

IN AN OFFICE IN south-west London, a sandy-haired, wiry man sits at a desk making queer figures on a piece of paper. To the layman, it looks as though he's "doodling"—drawing circles and triangles aimlessly and to no apparent purpose. But there is a purpose, a very important one.

The man is Edward Gurr, biochemist and head of a manufacturing chemical firm. What Gurr is really doing is building another weapon against disease. He is drawing the structure of a complicated cell of the human body. From that drawing, he will work out a method of helping doctors to combat bacteria, and thus will contribute to human health and happiness. He will not see the results of his work, because his products are sent all over the world, but he will get reports back from South America, Canada, France, the East Indies, perhaps even Russia.

The basis of all life, whether animal or vegetable, is the biological cell, and there are about 300,000,000,000,000 cells in the human body. Each type of cell has its own particular function, and each is subject to the attack of various kinds of bacteria and other micro-organisms. These organisms are much too small to be seen by the naked eye; in fact, they have to be coloured before they can be distinguished even under the most powerful microscope. That is what Gurr does—he makes the biological stains which are used by medical research workers to give different colours to diseased and normal cells, so that they can be separated and studied without confusion.

Helped Cancer Campaign

Recently, an eminent medical research scientist in the United States evolved what he thought could be an entirely new method of detecting a certain type of cancer in its early stages. If he were right, it would mean the end of years of suffering, and ultimate death, for thousands of women. But the doctor could not be absolutely sure, because he did not have the right biological stain for his experiment; he could not quite differentiate between the malignant cells and the healthy ones. So he wrote to Edward Gurr, explaining his problem, and asking if he could produce a special stain. Gurr started doodling, and in due course arrived at the solution to the problem; another battle is now being won in the campaign against cancer.

Gurr manufactures more than 1,200 different stains, dyes and reagents. Before he formed his own company, the medical profession had fewer than 400 at its disposal. It was quite early in life that he first displayed his fresh, uninhibited approach to chemistry. At the age of seven, he got hold of some pills from the family medicine chest. On cutting one open, he found that it contained a blue dye, so he dissolved all the pills in a bottle of water and sold the fluid as ink to a friend. His friend promptly spilled some on the tablecloth, whereupon Gurr invented an ink remover.

After studying at Leicester Technical College and London University, Gurr spent several years with a small chemical firm in London, then accepted an appointment as head of the laboratory and research chemicals department of one of the largest manufacturing chemists in Britain. Finally, in 1945, amid the pessimistic warnings of his friends, he started out on his own.

"I knew that the export markets for microscopic stains and dyes would be wide open after the war," he says. "Up to 1939, those markets were practically all held by the Germans. During the war, the customers were cut off from their suppliers. It was obvious that the Germans wouldn't be in the field for a long time after the war. So I felt that if I stepped in I might capture a few of those markets for myself."

Like most success stories, Gurr's is one of overcoming handicaps which would have made the ordinary man give in. His first laboratory was in a semi-basement, the only accommodation he could find in bomb-damaged London. After a couple of months, he acquired a blitzed building. While new premises were being built he fitted up a room in his flat as an additional laboratory.

It was during this phase that he stained the weekend joint a deep purple. He had discovered that the kitchen stove was a convenient place on which to carry out certain chemical experiments, and he got into the habit of popping out of bed at hourly intervals throughout the night to see how the various research projects were getting along.

One night he overslept. When he went to the kitchen, he found that the leg of lamb had turned purple, as well as portions of the ceiling and the curtains. His experiment had exploded. "My wife," Gurr says, "has learned to put up with a lot from me in twenty-one years of marriage."

Menagerie In Bottles

Gurr likes to experiment, and he knows the value of showmanship. On his stand at the British Industries Fair he had a private menagerie, including an elephant, a water buffalo, a hippopotamus and a tiger. What made it even more startling was that none of the animals had been born; they were all in bottles. "I have a deal with the Zoo," he explains, "by which I can get the embryos of animals, for scientific purposes. They help to demonstrate the uses to which biological stains and dyes can be put."

Among the products which Gurr manufactures are photographic dyes, for colouring pictures of medical experiments. Once he was approached by a man who said: "I want to place an order with you. I want you to make me a dye which will enable me to photograph ghosts." Gurr was forced to decline the opportunity of extending his influence beyond the confines of the research laboratory.

From his office, Gurr is in touch with scientists of all nationalities. His sphere of influence is by no means confined to human ills and ailments. A year or so ago, a peculiar type

Continued on page 35

HUMAN TORPEDO

by TOM YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

The two of them, Harris and Ryan, would be five hours in the freezing water. They had to sink a battleship

THE SUBMARINE *Tricorn* was fifty hours out, and two degrees south of the Arctic Circle at noon that day. She was at a depth of two hundred feet, travelling on a course taking her steadily in towards the Norwegian coast, when Rogers called Harris and Ryan to the wardroom and opened their orders.

He began reading aloud: "'You will attack and destroy the German battleship *Prinz Wilhelm* now lying in Nordkyn Fiord. . . .'"

He read slowly on through three closely typed pages of instruction and information, and there was a long silence when he had put the papers down.

Ryan and Harris were trembling slightly, and Rogers felt himself sweating in spite of the dank chill of the oil-tainted air.

"It won't be very comfortable," said Rogers at last.

"Nothing's comfortable in this water," said Ryan. He eased his stocky body away from the bulkhead and sat on the forward bunk next to Harris. "Thirty-two degrees is just on freezing point," he said.

Rogers got up from the narrow bench and peeled off his dirty jacket with the stripes of a commander on the sleeves. He tossed the jacket into a corner and pulled out a bottle of gin from the bottom drawer of the tiny sideboard built against the curving plates of the pressure hull.

"I don't envy you," said Rogers. "The Germans have been hiding the *Prinz Wilhelm* in this fiord for over a month now, and they're bound to be expecting trouble." He placed three cracked glasses on the table, picked up the orders and studied them again. "The Norwegians who sent us the dope about the defence nets report that explosive charges are being dropped all round the ship if the Jerry submarine detectors pick up as much as a shoal of fish. They must be pretty jittery." Rogers pulled the empty water carafe from its socket on top of the sideboard, stared at it, then pushed it across the table. "Harris," he said, "nip along forrard and get some water, will you?"

The commander said: "You'll have one hour's spare oxygen, in case of accidents." There was a short silence. Ryan said: "Quite, sir"

WITHOUT a word Harris stood up—a solid, almost bearish-looking figure in soiled dungaree trousers and a thick, white submarine sweater. His dirty, laceless sandshoes slopped on the threadbare carpet as he made for the curtain dividing the wardroom from the gangway.

"Get some out of the galley, Bogey," said Ryan. "It's quicker."

Harris nodded, and they heard the hurried slip-slop of his shoes receding.

"A man of few words, our Harris," said Rogers.

"He can be loquacious at times," grinned Ryan. "When I started off training—in ordinary diving dress—I had to attend him while he did an emergency job on some ship's screw. I let him fall ten feet, and what he told me when I got him up was an education."

"I can quite imagine," said Rogers dryly.

Ryan chuckled. "I was green to this human-torpedo game, then. I told him that that was no way for a seaman to talk to a lieutenant."

"What did friend Harris have to say to that?"

"He pointed out that being killed underwater by me wouldn't be any more pleasant for him if I were an admiral, let alone a lieutenant. And a Wavy Navy lieutenant at that. And, as he was a qualified diver and I wasn't, he was the best judge of the capabilities of whoever was attending him." Ryan smiled. "I had to admit the justice of his argument. And after that we decided to team up together on the chariots."

"He's a good boy," said Rogers.

"We're all good boys . . . or we'd better be," replied Ryan, as Harris returned.

Rogers poured a stiff tot for each, and they showed the glasses to the water carafe.

"Here's luck," said Rogers, and emptied his glass. He set it down with a sigh. "Do you think you've got everything taped?"

Ryan put his drink down and leaned back on the bunk with his eyes half closed. "You launch us three miles off the mouth of the fiord at eleven o'clock tonight," he said in a flat monotone. "We run in those three miles, course about east-nor'east, and another two and a half up the fiord until we come to the anti-submarine boom. This should take about two hours. Right?"

Rogers nodded. "Your part now, Harris."

"Boom consists of three nets. Anti-submarine net with a wide mesh—we'll get her through that, Alan . . . sir. Then two anti-torpedo nets made of small, inter-meshed rings. We'll have to get under them, unless we can find a gap. Nets are about two hundred yards apart."

"Yes. There's a point there," said Rogers. "The German nets are sixty feet deep from top to bottom, and, according to what charts we've got, even at high tide there is only about sixty feet of water in that stretch of the fiord. You might have trouble getting under."

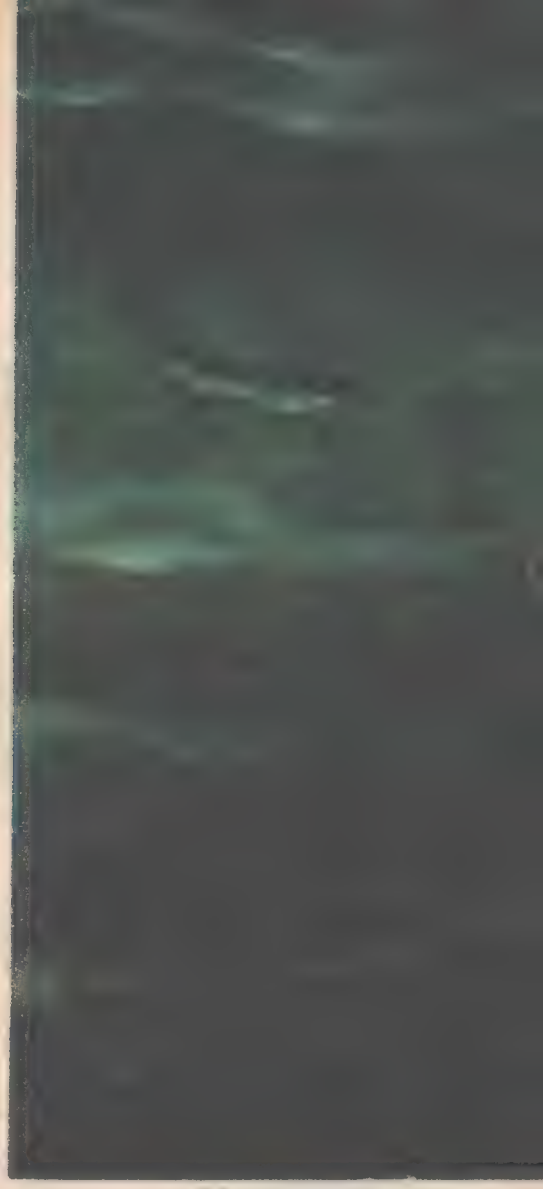
"No chance of going round the end, sir?"

"Not a hope," replied Rogers. "They're carried right up the beach."

"As usual," said Ryan. "Right! Then we've got about a quarter of a mile to go before the next lot."

"That's it," said Rogers. "About five minutes' run. . . . Harris?"

"Two more inter-meshed anti-torpedo nets



The chariot dived steeply, t

arning in towards the ship. They were too numb now for finesse, but Ryan switched off before they touched. They could hear sounds through the hull

enclosing the *Prinz Wilhelm* in the form of a rectangle. Nets are about twenty yards apart, and a hundred and fifty yards from the ship's hull at the nearest point."

"Yes." Rogers poured out another tot for each. "Just how you are going to get through those two, I wouldn't know," he said. "They're also sixty-foot nets, and apparently there is only fifty feet of water where *Prinz Willie* is lying. Your best proposition would be to tackle one of the corners, I think. There's bound to be a small gap somewhere."

Harris tugged gently at his right ear. "The only other thing is the submarine detectors," he said.

"You'll just have to be damn careful, that's all." Rogers grinned at him, but his eyes were doubtful. "If it's any comfort to you, what German gear we have captured isn't as good as ours; and, as you know, even ours doesn't always pick you up."

"Fair enough," said Harris.

"Well, that's that," said Ryan. "Apart from a head wind and sea, and freezing water, the run in is a piece of cake."

"Um-m," said Rogers. "You'll set the fuse for five o'clock, Harris, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Head to be attached to the keel plate under the engine or boiler room."

"That's the ticket. The whole job should take about five hours. Two hours in, an hour for the nets and placing the head, and two hours to get out again. That'll leave you one hour's spare oxygen in your breathing sets in case of accidents."

There was a short silence.

"Quite, sir," said Ryan. He spoke rapidly. "The rendezvous with *Tricorn* is at the spot where you launch us. You'll surface at 3.30 a.m., and dive again at four-thirty, whether we're there or not."

"That's it, I'm afraid. I can't leave it any later. We'll flash a masked green light in the direction of the fiord while we're waiting, but it will be visible at one mile only. So don't panic if you don't pick it up first shot." He handed the bottle around. "I think that's about all," he said. "What torpedo are you riding?"

Harris smiled faintly. "Number Six, sir. Lucretia," he said.

"Lucretia?"

"She took us down to a hundred and twenty feet the first time we rode her, and we both had a bad go of oxygen poisoning before we could get her up again," explained Ryan.

"I see. Well, here's luck," said Rogers. He drained his glass again, and then, for the first time, showed signs of awkwardness. "I know, of course, that—look, I don't need to impress on you chaps the importance of sinking this battle wagon," he said at last. "If you bring it off—well, damn it all, you know what I mean. Morale back home, and freeing some of our ships from watching for her, and one thing and another." He looked vaguely at the empty glasses. "But I certainly don't envy you," he said again.

"It'll be all right, sir," said Ryan.

"No trouble at all," affirmed Harris.

"I hope so," said Commander Rogers. "Well, I'm going to take her up to periscope depth and have a squint round. You fellers had better get some sleep. I'll see you are shaken in plenty of time."

HARRIS woke slowly. He felt sluggish, and there was an unpleasant taste in his mouth. The submarine, submerged since she had surfaced to charge batteries at midnight the night before, was very cold; the air, damp from the sweating hull, was dead and badly vitiated. There was an electric silence, intensified rather than broken by the almost inaudible hum of the motors as they crept in towards the enemy coast at a depth of ninety feet.

Ryan appeared through the tiny doorway in the watertight bulkhead. He, too, had been sleeping. He looked drawn and nervy. Harris could understand it. There was a void where his own stomach should have been.

They knew fear. All the charioteers did. There were so many things that could go wrong, even before they got near the enemy. A breakdown in the breathing apparatus in deep water. The constant risk of being trapped in the toxic zone below thirty-three feet, where oxygen poisoning crept on you. First one's lips quivering, then twitching spasmodically, so that one could not grip the mouthpiece and suck in the essential but deadly oxygen. Then the whole body shaking, shuddering violently, until it went into convulsions, and one died a dreadful death alone in the cold, hostile depths. There were isolated fresh-water patches from mountain torrents that sent the chariot plunging towards the bottom while you struggled madly to adjust oxygen supplies and to clear your ears against the tremendous, rapidly increasing pressure of the water. A breathing bag, torn on the barnacle-encrusted nets, injecting a rush of icy water, instead of warm oxygen, full into the lungs with a blinding shock.

Ryan cleared his throat. "Half past ten, Bogey," he croaked. "Won't be long now."

Harris grunted and forced a smile. Together they bent to examine their gear for the last time. The one-piece suits with the skirted opening in the belly where they struggled in. They were of light, rubberized fabric, with a heavy, sponge-rubber headpiece or hood with a black rubber gas-mask facepiece cemented on the front. There was no air in the suits when they dived. A tube ran from the mask to the breathing bag, and connected to a rubber mouthpiece that projected inside the dress. This was gripped between the teeth, with a shield between lips and gums making an airtight joint through which to suck the oxygen. The suits were dry and freshly chalked along the seams where extra solution had been rubbed in, and they stank of rubber and disinfectant.

They went over the webbing harnesses that

fitted over their shoulders and belted round their waists.

They each carried a weighted, rectangular, black rubber breathing bag, or lung, high up on the chest; and a cage containing two alloy bottles of oxygen at high pressure that rested low on the back. The lung and the bottles were connected by a flexible tube, and a by-pass valve was fitted to enable a burst of high-pressure oxygen to be injected into the bag at will. One litre of oxygen per minute flowed constantly into the bag.

They examined the rope laces of the weighted canvas boots. The long knives were greased. Everything was ready, and, as they completed their inspection, they heard quiet orders being given in the control room:

"Slow both motors. . . . Dead slow. . . . Up to periscope depth."

They felt the boat tilt slightly; then came the gentle upward pressure of the deck as she lifted. She straightened on to even keel again.

"Up periscope!"

They looked at each other. Ryan took a little phial of tablets from his pocket, and they swallowed three each. Their tension mounted in the long silence.

ROGERS came as the boat dived again. "We are on the spot," he said, "and there's a gale blowing up top." He hesitated for a moment, then held out a signal form. "I've got some bad news, I'm afraid," he went on. "While you were sleeping, I surfaced at the routine wireless period. There was a signal from a recce plane that the Germans are sweeping the nets around the ship with a searchlight."

"A searchlight!" ejaculated Harris.

Ryan cursed bitterly.

"Things look a bit doubtful," said Rogers. "They've got their boats patrolling the nets, too, and a launch on the centre of the boom defence."

"It seems almost as though something has leaked out in Norway," said Ryan thoughtfully.

"It's possible that they have been tipped off," Rogers agreed, "but they can't know exactly what they are looking for." He avoided their eyes carefully. "The question is: Are you going to chance having a stab at it?"

Ryan frowned thoughtfully at the deck, then looked at Harris. Harris smiled faintly back at him.

"Nearly time we got dressed, isn't it, Alan?" he said evenly.

Ryan nodded.

Rogers opened his mouth to speak, then closed it again. He gestured towards the suits.

"O.K. Hurry," he said.

They stripped, and the two dressers took their clothes, their papers and their identity discs. They pulled on suits of pure, heavy silk, and silk socks. Similar suits of soft, closely woven wool, and woollen socks. Then two heavy white sweaters, two pairs of long underpants, and two pairs of thigh-length stockings of the same heavy white wool.

They sat down, opened the skirts of the diving suits and forced their legs in, pulled the suits over their shoulders and thrust their arms down the sleeves, hands through the tight rubber cuffs. Wristbands adjusted, they ducked their heads inside and forced them up through the narrow necks into the rubber helmets.

The attendants folded the skirts and clamped them, making a watertight joint which they tucked away, buckling the folds of the suit over all. The high boots were laced tight, a long, sharp knife in a metal sheath tucked into each one. Nose clips were fixed tightly over the nostrils, and when mouthpieces were comfortably adjusted, the helmet straps were pulled tight. Finally, the visors, heavily coated inside with an anti-dimming compound, were closed down and clamped tight. They were ready as far as they could be.

The boat slanted suddenly, and they felt her rising again. There came a noise of rushing water and the sound of waves slapping against the outside of the thin hull. She levelled and began to roll slowly.

The attendants picked up the harnesses, and the divers clumped in their heavy boots along to the control room. As they arrived, the order, "Divers and dressers on the bridge!" came down the voicepipe. The attendants started up the steel ladder. Ryan and Harris took one last look round the control room, dim in the red night light, and followed. They were both sweating profusely now, and, as he struggled through the tower hatch into the conning tower, Harris reflected grimly that they would pay for it later.

ON the bridge the gale hit them. The night was black. The wind, howling out of the east, whipped the sea into sharp, choppy waves which were flattened almost as soon as they were formed. Ryan cursed softly into his mask.

The chariot was being dragged out of its cylinder as they shrugged into their harnesses. The breathing-tubes were connected to the face-pieces, the bottles opened and the soft hiss of oxygen started. They closed the exhaust valves at the bottom of the bags and sucked them empty of air, coughing slightly from the fine dust off the carbon-dioxide absorbent canister, expelling the air by switching the mouthpiece cocks alternately from air to oxygen. Then they cracked their by-pass valves until they were breathing pure oxygen.

Down on the casing they were alone with the torpedo. Harris waved a hand when they were ready, and saw the head on the bridge duck towards the voicepipe.

For a moment nothing happened. Then there was a roar of escaping air. Fountains of spray leaped high from the vents, and they felt a wave of unreasoning panic as the submarine's casing deck sank beneath them. The suits contracted and gripped as the water swirled about their knees, then their waists. The long torpedo with the detachable head bobbed free of the cradle, the top of the body just above the waves.

They scrambled astride it, crouching behind their rounded shields; Ryan at the controls and Harris behind. Ryan flicked the throttle and they moved slowly away from the submarine. Fifty yards off, they stopped, and, opening the seacock, Ryan started the pump. Slowly they sank into the black water. Harris threw the lever that opened the main ballast tank in front of him, and they dropped a foot, suddenly.

Carefully, Ryan judged his time, until, with their eyes just level with the surface, and the machine weighted with water until it would lie motionless, neither rising nor sinking, he switched off the pump and closed the seacock.

Harris twisted to face the submarine and gave a momentary blink of the underwater flashlight. The figure on the bridge disappeared.

The dim black bulk of the submarine surged slowly forward. Great gouts of water and compressed air spurted from the tanks, and the sea boiled white as the last of the deck submerged. The conning tower tilted, diminished slowly, vanished. The periscope standard left a streak of white water, then was gone. There was a smooth, swirling patch in the broken seas.

The gale whistled in their helmet exhaust valves, and the icy waves battered at them. The torpedo rolled wildly. Oxygen hissed sibilantly into their breathing bags. They were alone, and each began the long, lonely battle against his own fear.

AS, with their eyes just above surface, they cruised along, the wind-blown waves smacked full into their faces. They were well up the fiord, and they could see, dimly, the hills on either side, looming an intenser black against the blackness of the sky.

The luminous dial of the clock on the instrument panel showed one o'clock. They had been away two hours now, and already their hands were numb and swelling, their feet and legs dead and cramped. The clothing under their suits, dampened when they had sweated in the heat of the *Tricorn's* belly, had long ago chilled through; the penetrating cold creeping through the woollens, slowly freezing and numbing. Only two hours gone.

Ryan crouched over the controls, concentrating on keeping a steady course, wondering and worrying how much farther they had to go before they reached the boom. Harris, while his eyes kept ceaseless vigil, had blanked off half his brain and was thinking of Janet and his next leave. He had found this the only way of enduring the long run-in before he did his part on the nets and the ship's bottom.

Faintly, borne on the wings of the gale, they caught the restless, eternal clanging of the net buoys as they jostled and bobbed against one another on the hurrying waves.

There was a sudden blinding flash up the fiord, and the *Prinz Wilhelm's* searchlight swept deliberately along the nets hemming her in. The glare reflected momentarily on the buoys of the boom nets two hundred yards ahead. Then the lights died, leaving a denser blackness.

Ryan sighted his compass, waved his hand and pushed forward on the joystick. The torpedo tilted, and the roar of the wind was shut off abruptly as she slid below in a long, steep glide. They dived deep, charging their bags with short blasts from the by-passes; blowing their noses hard against the nose clips to relieve the

Continued on page 31

TOM YATES'S amazing story, *Human Torpedo*, is not based on any one specific operation; it is the result of several raids he made himself as a "charioteer." Human torpedoes —superseded later in the war by miniature submarines—were deadly and efficient. Among their official sinkings were the Italian cruisers *Bolzano* and *Ulpio Traiano*.

For the survivors there were medals and citations — but, naturally, casualty and p.o.w. figures were high relative to the numbers doing this dangerous work.

The photograph above shows the operational suit worn; below is the control panel of a "chariot." The double-looped "joystick" controls hydroplanes and rudder; the shield screens the clock, compass and depth and speed gauges. Motor control is aft of the "joystick."

Chinese patients in the grounds of the Mosse Memorial Hospital in Tatung. When the Communists arrived the calm atmosphere there quickly changed

I LOVED A WICKED CITY (5)

To nurse the sick and spread the Gospel—these two aims had brought Mary Ball to the Chinese city of Tatung. Now the Communists were in power—and step by step the missionaries had to give way to the new régime or get out

We hand over to the new China

by MARY BALL

THE COMMUNIST OFFICER who had asked for me by name was a short man with a weatherbeaten face. As far as I could tell, I had never seen him before. I stepped forward, a little afraid and much puzzled. "I am Mary Ball," I said.

"Do you know me?" he asked. His tone was suddenly friendlier. I shook my head.

"Are you sure you don't recognize me?"

"I don't know you at all," I said.

He smiled. "My name is Major Chao." His teeth were white and regular. "I was a patient in the hospital in 1926 with a wounded arm. You looked after me, for which I have always been grateful." He paused, as if considering what his fellow officers might think of his behaviour. Then, barking it out so that it sounded like a command, he said: "We will do all we can to protect your hospital so you can carry on." But I was tremendously relieved. In a way, my twenty-four years at the hospital had turned ful' circle. A forgotten kindness during a war in 1926 had brought its own reward.

Later, I stood at the hospital gate and watched the defeated Nationalist troops march in surrender out of the north gate of Tatung and form a hollow square. Each soldier carried a blanket, a tin mug and a water bottle. A Communist officer told them to sit on the hard parade ground and then he addressed them, but try as I might I could not make out what he said. Two hours later the Nationalist troops were marched off. Then the rumours spread like feathers from a burst pillow.

I heard that the captured men were being taken to Kalgan, a city about 120 miles to the north-east. Next, it was whispered that they were to be used as shock troops for the coming attack on Sui Yuan. In a few weeks I was to learn that the latter rumour, like so many others, was untrue. In fact, those who wished to return to the land were allowed to do so; those who wished to stay in the Communist army were sent to camps and indoctrinated with Communist theory.

Lectured By Party Official

But, at the hospital, we soon learned that the Communist officials, unlike the Nationalists, did not look on the Mosse Memorial as an independent operation. It had to be linked up with the over-all plan. And, in May, 1949, we had our first visit from representatives of the People's Party. The staff was summoned to attend a meeting.

The principal speaker at the meeting, a serious little man wearing the navy blue tunic of the Communist civil government over his padded clothes, said to us: "I want to impress upon everybody that there is no need to fear us." Then he outlined the form in which all activities in New China would be linked together. Committees were to be set up in the Government for each phase of the country's existence. There would be a central committee for education, one for medicine and so on. Only through them, he said, could an approach to the Government be made. However, any individual could appeal to the Government for redress of any injury or bad treatment received prior to the coming of the Communists. (Later, that clause was to bring the now well-known public trials, many of them instigated by vengeful individuals.)

Then, making his points as dryly as a schoolmaster, he got down to the hospital itself. Committees, he announced, would be formed. First there would be the Workers' Party Committee—or *Kung Hui*—with an elected chairman and vice-chairman; elected, that is, by all the hospital's Chinese personnel except for the Chinese priest. No European would have a vote. Also, he said, a lecturer from the Government of New China would be appointed to explain in greater detail the principles of the Government, how the hospital committees should be run and how they should co-relate with other committees in the city. Every institution—schools, hospitals, factories—would have a *Kung Hui*; and the first function of these committees was to re-educate the people's minds.

Soon the calm, segregated atmosphere of the hospital—still technically operated by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—was transformed. Mr. Mei, the staff nurse, was unanimously voted chairman of the *Kung Hui*. He tried to apportion the time of the nurses and nursing trainees between their hospital work and their indoctrination lectures. He had to teach the staff the new national dance which

Back in England again, Mary Ball talks over her experiences in China with two S.P.G. priests

was supposed to be an expression of joy at the coming of the new Government.

The *Kung Hui* was divided into sub-committees—one for food, one for coal and lighting, one for the supply of drugs, and a students' body committee. Sometimes, these sub-committees did not work out quite as planned. One day, Mr. Mei came to see me. "Oh, Miss Ball," he said, hesitating a little, "last night we had a committee meeting and the nurses complained that the cook did not buy a proper variety of vegetables. Also that the steamed bread was too heavy. They decided they would like to appoint one nurse and one coolie to go to the shops to find out what vegetables were there, and to inquire if they could get a better flour for the money we are paying."

Trouble In The Kitchen

I had to be careful in my reply, but I said, "Yes, the food has gone down. We've had complaints from the patients. I think it's a very good idea. Why, only this morning I had some steamed bread which was really not fit to eat."

Mr. Mei nodded quickly. "Could you help me? How many chin of flour is it usual to have in a bag of flour? And how many steamed breads should be made from a chin of flour? And how much should each bread weigh?" A chin is one and a third pounds. I told him that each chin should produce about eight portions of bread of about two liang (ounces) per portion. And a small bag of flour should contain forty-four chin. Previously, the supervision of food had been one of my responsibilities.

The following day I saw old Mr. Wong, our illiterate gateman, and Miss Lan, a young girl probationer, trying to interview the three cooks and plan the meals. The cooks faced them, looking stubborn, tight-lipped and sceptical. Later, the two sent in a criticism to the *Kung Hui*. The cooks, they complained, were not co-operating with the new venture. Shortly after, Mr. Mei came to see me once more.

"It's the kitchen troubles again," Mr. Mei admitted. "Do you think you would be kind enough to organize the meals and give out the flour and supplies as you did before?" I agreed to help. I suggested to Mr. Mei that two new books should be opened: one for the cooks to sign on delivery of stores, one which the nurses in charge of the food would sign on receipt of the cooked dishes. From then on, there was no trouble. It was as simple as that.

One day in June, Dr. Philip Li said to me, "I am feeling very tired these days and think we should get another doctor. If you are willing," he added hesitantly, "I would like to ask my cousin, Francis Li, to come back here on the staff. I know that the hospital authorities had some trouble with him before, but if you could consent I would be most grateful."

I was fond of Francis Li. I remembered his early days at the hospital with a touch of nostalgia. "I'd be very glad," I said, "if the Bishop and the Medical Board in Peking approve." They did, and Francis arrived back on June 20. He was now about fifty-eight years old, and I saw that he was getting bald, but the years had not treated him unkindly. He smiled when he saw me. "Miss Ball," he said, almost bashfully, "I hope you are well."

He settled in quickly. I thought he might feel he had lost face, since he had once been superintendent of the hospital and was now deputy-superintendent. Instead, he seemed to have become, for him, extraordinarily humble. He made it a point that his cousin should walk the rounds ahead of him, although he was his senior in years and in service to the S.P.G. In fact, it was the superintendent who soon showed traces of jealousy. Because he was a skilled surgeon, Francis had been given all surgery cases except for eye operations, which Philip continued to perform. It was not long before Philip decided that he missed his surgery cases.

One day Francis was scheduled to operate on a Caesarean case at two in the afternoon. At ten minutes to two, Dr. Philip arrived in the operating room, scrubbed his hands, and was drawing on his rubber gloves when Dr. Francis, unaware of his cousin's change of plans, ambled into the scrubbing-room and started to wash. From the operating room, I heard him enter. I turned to Kathleen Porter, who was waiting to take the baby when it was delivered. "Will you go and tell Dr. Li that the superintendent has scrubbed up?" I said. I was troubled. Would there be a clash between the two cousins?

The Diplomatic Touch

I heard Miss Porter say, "Doctor, the superintendent has already scrubbed up." I heard the scrubbing brush plop into the water. I waited. Francis came to the door of the operating room. He smiled quietly at the disconcerted superintendent. "Are you going to do this case, Philip?"

"Shall we do it together?" the superintendent suggested, obviously embarrassed.

"Oh, no," Francis replied. "I have other business. I will go and tend to it." He turned and left. I breathed easily. It had been a tense moment which might have disrupted hospital routine. In the long years since I had first met him, Francis had learned something of both self-control and diplomacy.

Later, at a staff meeting, Francis made a suggestion. "I think that we should arrange a better relationship with the Communist hospital now operating in the city. I propose that I should go to operate for them any time they ask me to—they still have no doctor there. If I help them occasionally, I will be able to stay here. If I refuse to help, difficulties will be made and I will probably have to leave. I don't want to do that and it will, in the long run, be more difficult for this hospital to continue if we fail to co-operate." He paused, thoughtfully. "I also suggest that I should give anatomy lectures at their hospital and, if Miss Ball is willing, she might give some English lessons." They wanted to learn, he said, the English names of medicines and diseases.

His suggestions were discussed at length and their wisdom agreed upon. I already felt that the coming of the Communists meant the beginning of the end for us, and I wanted to put everything in good order so that the Chinese staff could carry on when we foreigners would have to leave.

In October, Francis and I began our lectures. And from then on, whenever a serious operation was needed at the city hospital, they sent for Francis. This also meant that Philip was

Mr. Campion is angry

SINCE Margery Allingham first introduced Mr. Campion, a decade before the war, the cases of this gentle crime-buster have been eagerly awaited and read all over the world.

Now, for the first time in three years, she has written a new Mr. Campion thriller.

"TIGER IN THE SMOKE," by MARGERY ALLINGHAM, BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

It is a brilliant mystery novel which centres on a case near to Mr. Campion's heart. His beautiful young cousin, about to re-marry, receives a series of street photographs, apparently of the husband she had thought dead.

Mr. Campion is angry. Who would do this to her? Has Havoc, an escaped convict, anything to do with it? The police, hampered in their manhunt by fog, would like to know.

John Bull has secured exclusive serial rights in the novel, which will start, in advance of book publication, in next week's issue

"Kensitas — that's Good!"

She's sweet and she's so lovely!
She acts just as she should!
She's clever, too, and always
Smokes Kensitas — that's good!

(Kensitas — that's good Virginia tobacco)

I'm heading down the highway
And be it understood
There's millions going my way
With Kensitas — that's good!

(Kensitas taste better)

"You'll join me, then, for dinner?
Delighted if you would!
I'll meet you for a cocktail
With Kensitas — that's good!"

(The best tobacco is bought for Kensitas)

MELLOW, GOOD-TASTING FOR GOOD SMOKING

KENSITAS — THAT'S GOOD VIRGINIA TOBACCO

Children need the *RIGHT* Hot Drink at Breakfast!

EAT a good breakfast to start a good day! That is true for everyone and particularly for children. Food authorities say that children should get a fourth to a third of their daily food requirements at breakfast time.

That is why 'Ovaltine' is the *right* breakfast drink for children. 'Ovaltine' is, in itself, a substantial food and it helps to make good possible deficiencies of essential nutritive elements in children's breakfasts.

Remember, too, that an inadequate breakfast may lead to disappointing results in school-work by causing poor concentration and lack of alertness. 'Ovaltine' will help to give your children the start they need to do their best.

'Ovaltine' is prepared from Nature's best foods, and the 'Ovaltine' Farms were established to set the highest standards for the malt, milk and eggs used. 'Ovaltine' is so delicious that it helps to make breakfast a real pleasure to children. So let your children enjoy 'Ovaltine' at this all-important meal every morning.

Give YOUR *Children Delicious*

OVALTINE

and note the Difference!

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin

P.819A

Ovaltine *Rusks*

These delicious Rusks are exceptionally appetizing, digestible and nourishing. 'Ovaltine' Rusks are a valuable addition to the diet of children and adults. They are also a great help to babies at teething time.

In Cartons 1/4½

getting a larger share of operating-room duty at the Mosse Memorial. Yes, Francis Li had learned a great deal about diplomacy. With one stroke he had relieved the tension at our own hospital, and helped our position with the Communist authorities.

Miss Chao Tsun Lan, a nurse at the hospital, was a tall girl, with beautiful, shining black hair. She belonged to the Manchu family—aristocrats in the old days before the Republic—and carried herself proudly, with none of the demureness usual in Chinese young ladies. She had been one of our best nurses, but after the Communists took the city, trouble began.

Broke The Rules

The change in her became apparent when she took to ignoring hospital rules. She began visiting the city without first reporting to me, as she should have done, and followed this breach of discipline by others. As matron, I complained to the superintendent. He looked at me helplessly. "Take no notice of it, Miss Ball. Let her carry on. She behaves just as badly to me."

Then, one day, a member of the Chinese staff took me aside. "There has been criticism against you at the Communist meeting," he whispered. "The girl nurses, led by Miss Chao, do not wish to report when they go out, and object to being spoken to if they sing or talk loudly in the corridors. I'm afraid that their complaints may be taken to the big Communists in the city."

This was no small matter. If such a complaint reached higher authority, undoubtedly I would be sent up for public trial. This could easily mean expulsion for me and, at the least, great unpleasantness for the hospital. I decided to pretend I knew nothing of what was going on.

Not long after, the same staff member told me that the boy nurses had criticized the girl nurses for breaking hospital rules. "Hardly anyone is speaking to Miss Chao," he said. "I think things will be easier now." Naturally, I was greatly relieved, but I could not help but feel sorry for Miss Chao, of whom I was very fond.

In March, 1950, Pastor Yang, a cheerful, middle-aged Chinese clergyman who favoured the new Government, came up from Peking to pass on to us the official view regarding the continued operation of the hospital. "The Government," he declared, "says that if the Church professes all that our Lord teaches, it must be a social asset to the country. If you prove this in your work, the Government will not interfere with your religious beliefs."

When I heard this, I felt tremendously relieved, for I had heard unsubstantiated rumours of persecution of Roman Catholic priests. But, then he added: "As evidence of their loyalty to the Government, all foreign personnel must be replaced by Chinese." If a foreigner's usual term of service was for five—or even ten—years, he explained, he could finish that term. After that, he could not return to China. And no new foreign missionaries—except for certain approved professors for the universities, and medical specialists—would be allowed into the country.

Finally, Pastor Yang said, all the church schools and hospitals in China were to become fully self-sufficient within two years. This meant that my plan gradually to hand more and more responsibility over to the Chinese—in line with S.P.G. policy—was due for an unprecedented speed-up. At the same time, I felt oppressed by the way the Chinese attitude was hardening, not only to us at the hospital, but to all foreigners.

I had heard from friends in Peking that other missionaries there were thinking of going home. A woman teacher at the Chung Te boys' school, in particular, had had considerable trouble and had been advised to leave China immediately. Miss X had made the mistake of saying the wrong thing at the most explosive time.

Students Demonstrate

Some weeks before, a Communist lecturer at the school had spoken of the way foreigners treated the Chinese, and had quoted a notice posted in a public park in Shanghai which read: "Dogs and Chinese are not allowed here." Then, a few days after this, when Miss X was taking her English class, one of the boys cleared his throat and spat ostentatiously on the floor.

"You should not spit," Miss X said, crossly. "For one thing, it is unhygienic. For another, if you *will* behave in this dirty way, can you wonder that notices are put up?" This thoughtless remark was the signal for a class spokesman to stand up and declare: "You have cursed China." A strike was called. Next day, Peking schools staged a demonstration demanding a trial to avenge what they considered to be a grave

"He wants to show you his new ball"

insult. The trial was held, Miss X was interrogated for several days and, finally, the verdict was given. She would have to write an apology, which would appear in all newspapers, and she must make a public apology to the school. She agreed, but when she arrived at the school, the boys refused to receive her or her apology. Soon after she was asked to leave the country.

It seemed clear that it was only a matter of time before we, too, would have to go. One day, early in July, we received a letter from the Bishop. In it he advised that the British staff should apply for exit permits, although he said he was acting on his own knowledge of circumstances within the Church in China and not on the advice of the British Consul. Would we, he suggested, discuss the situation with Superintendent Li.

Unforgettable Scene

We met in Dr. Li's room. His face was grave when he said, "I have been wondering what to say when you came to see me." Then, with an embarrassed little laugh, he added, "This is an unthought-of thing," and repeated it over and over, shaking his head slowly while he passed us cups of tea. It was nine in the evening and already dark, but the room was lit by a single, shaded globe over his table. I shall never forget that scene.

Our decision to ask for exit permits did not mean that we would be leaving Tatung immediately. After many delays (created, I think, because the Communists suspected that we might be spies), in early September we finally received permission to go. The staff of the hospital gave us a farewell dinner. I was asked to speak.

"Twenty-five years ago," I said, with a lump in my throat, "this hospital was run entirely by foreigners. We made many mistakes, and regret them. Our great aim was to pass on to the Chinese people of Tatung the message of Christ, for their salvation, to establish a hospital for the poor and the sick and a nursing school so the best of medical knowledge could be given to the nurses of China. We have done our best. Now it is time for us to pass on. We do so with the highest confidence in you to carry on the work."

End Of An Era

Then Miss Chao—who had made mistakes, too—replied for the girl nurses. "Miss Ball, Miss Preece, Miss Porter—our three teachers," she began. "I have been chosen to say a few parting words to you." Then, suddenly, tears streamed down her lovely face and she began to sob. She pulled out her handkerchief and dabbed with it at her eyes.

Then, still sobbing, she continued, speaking directly to me. "Put your heart at rest, Miss Ball. We will do our best. But come back quickly, come back quickly!" She sat down, with a little flutter of her hands, unable to control her tears.

Late that evening, we boarded the train for Peking. I looked back, as it receded from us, at the shadowy, wicked city which I had grown to love. In the years ahead, no new missionaries would come from the west to Tatung. The work of centuries was being handed over to the Chinese, who had now been trained to carry on where we had left off. Yet I hated to go, leaving part of me forever behind. This was the end of an era, and I had helped to make it. THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

THE song I am singing in the photograph is called "Mother, the Queen of My Heart," and it won me eighty-two amateur go-as-you-please competitions when I was about fifteen. I used to cry real tears for the final line and the whole audience would be sniffling, too.

I was always the funny fellow at school, falling down in front of the kids to make them laugh. I was never afraid of horses; my aunt stabled hunters and I helped to train them, and one of my tricks would be to lie down in front of a horse and let it walk over me (a horse will not step on you—it will step over you if possible).

On one occasion I went for a ride with another boy to Beachy Head, which was near my home. His horse threw him off and I had to chase it and lead it home. Just as I caught it, in a busy street, a piece of paper blew up and curled itself round the eyes of my mount. So there I was, holding on to one wild horse and riding another. A proper rodeo it was, but I managed to stay on.

We moved to London—dad was a signwriter—and when I left school I went into a bakery and found I had a sadist for an employer: he made me cut a rat in two with a spade and then put cream into some doughnuts. I was sick and I left.

So I bought my guitar and lived by being an amateur singer. I was too young to be a comic, but in the South London finals of the go-as-you-please, I noticed that all the other acts were either singers or instrumentalists. So I asked if I could switch mine and tell some patter instead. It went over so well I won first prize.

Then I got an audition to become a professional comedian—but the great man who gave me the audition said: "You'll be a good comedian one day, but that will be a long time *after* you learn to shave!"

Still I kept trying and managed to make a place entertaining at annual reunions. I hired a big car to roll up in, and when they wanted to book me to come again the next year, I used to point at the car and say I was too busy to come for less than four guineas. I got it, too.

Today he is a radio and stage comedian. For his name, turn to page 35

HORNBLOWER THE GAMBLER

Continued from page 14

an admonitory glance from Parry, directed at the two speakers. He wondered idly what orders Lambert and the Colonel would have given, and still more idly why they should be orders that Parry did not wish to be mentioned. There seemed to be just the slightest trace of hurry, just the slightest hint of a desire to change the subject, in Parry's manner when he spoke.

"Very well, then, we can play another rubber, if Mr. Hornblower has no objection."

"None at all, my lord."

Hornblower had the Colonel as partner, and this final rubber was played in an atmosphere of even fiercer competition than its predecessors. Each hand was desperately close, too. In nearly every case it was only a single trick that divided the victors and the vanquished, so that the rubber dragged on with painful slowness. Then a hand finished amid a climax of tension.

"Rubber!" exclaimed the Colonel. "We've won it, partner! I thought all was lost."

Parry was ruefully contemplating the cards.

"I agree that you had to lead your ace, Mr. Hornblower," he said, "but I would be enchanted to know why you were so certain that my king was unguarded."

"You were marked with the king, my lord," Hornblower said, "but it was the rest of your hand which was significant, for you were also marked with holding three clubs. With only four cards in your hand, the king could not be guarded."

"A perfect explanation," said Parry. "It only goes to confirm me in my conviction that you are an excellent whist player, Mr. Hornblower."

"Thank you, my lord."

Parry's quizzical smile had a great deal of friendship in it. "I'll bear your name in mind, Mr. Hornblower," he said. "Sir Richard has already told me the reason why it was familiar to me. It was regrettable that the policy of immediate economy imposed on the Admiralty by the Cabinet should have resulted in your commission as commander not being confirmed."

"I thought I was the only one who regretted it, my lord."

BUSH winced as he heard the words; this was the time for Hornblower to ingratiate himself with those in authority, not to offend them with unconcealed bitterness. But Hornblower was smiling with infectious lightheartedness, and Parry was smiling back at him. Either the implied bitterness had escaped Parry's notice or it had only existed in Bush's mind.

"I was actually forgetting that I owe you a further thirty-five shillings," said Parry, with a start of recollection. "Forgive me. There, I think that settles my moneyed indebtedness; I am still in your debt for a valuable experience."

It was a thick wad of money that Hornblower put back in his pocket.

"I trust you will keep a sharp lookout for footpads on your way back, Mr. Hornblower," said Parry, with a glance.

"No need to worry about footpads tonight," interposed the Colonel. "Not tonight."

The Colonel wore a significant grin; the others displayed a momentary disapproval of what apparently was an indiscretion, but the disapproval faded out again when the Colonel waved a hand at the clock.

"Our orders go into force at four, my lord," said Lambert.

"And now it is half past. Excellent."

Parry's flag lieutenant came in at that moment. "The carriage is at the door, my lord," he said.

"Thank you. I wish you gentlemen a good evening, then."

They all walked to the door together; there was the carriage in the street, and the two Admirals, the Colonel and the Flag Lieutenant mounted into it. Hornblower and Bush watched it drive away.

"Now what the devil are those orders that come into force at four?" asked Bush. The earliest dawn was showing over the rooftops.

"God knows," said Hornblower.

They headed for the corner of Highbury Street.

"How much did you win?"

"It was over forty pounds—it must be about forty-five pounds," said Hornblower.

"A good night's work," said Bush. Then he heard a sound that made him grasp Hornblower's elbow with sudden excitement. "Listen!"

There was a sound of heavy feet, and a crowd of seamen turned the corner and came tramping towards them down the street. A young midshipman appeared to be leading them.

"The press gang for certain!" exclaimed Bush. "Look at the bludgeons!" Every seaman carried a club in his hand.

"Midshipman!" said Hornblower, sharply. "What's all this?"

AT the tone of command and the sight of the uniforms, the Midshipman halted.

"Orders, sir," he began, and then, realizing that with the growing daylight he need no longer preserve secrecy, especially to naval men, he went on: "Press gang, sir. We've orders to press every seaman we find. The patrols are out on every road."

"But what's the press for?"

"Dunno, sir. Orders, sir."

"Very good. Carry on."

"The press, by jingo!" said Bush. "Something's happening."

They had turned into Highbury Street now, and were making their way along to Mrs. Mason's house.

"There's the first results," said Hornblower.

They stood on the doorstep to watch them go by, a hundred men at least, escorted by a score of seamen with staves, another midshipman in command. Each of the pressed men had at least one hand in a trouser pocket; for the customary precaution had been taken of cutting every man's waistband, so that he had to hold up his trousers.

"A likely looking lot of prime seamen," said Bush, running a professional eye over them.

"Hard luck on them, all the same," said Hornblower.

"Hard luck?" said Bush in surprise. Was the ox unlucky when it was turned into beef? Or for that matter was the guinea unlucky when it changed hands. This was life; for a merchant seaman to find himself a sailor of the King was as natural a thing as for his hair to turn grey if he should live so long. And the only way to secure him was to surprise him in the night, rouse him out of bed, snatch him from the grog shop and the brothel, converting him in a single second from a free man earning his livelihood in his own way into a pressed man who could not take a step on shore of his own free will without risking being flogged round

"... *is extra energy for more production! You'll be fighting fit if you take RIBENA daily. Lovely, sweet blackcurrant juice, it keeps you full of go*".

Blackcurrant juice is three times as rich in natural Vitamin C as orange juice. RIBENA is pure blackcurrant juice with cane sugar, fruit sugar *and* glucose. All children should have RIBENA twice a day, from three weeks old. Mothers—and Fathers, elderly people and invalids, will also find RIBENA of priceless value to energy and health.

So delicious you'll never forget to take it daily.

RIBENA FIGHTS FATIGUE

As the Ministry of Food says: "A good supply of Vitamin C will make all the difference between that dreaded feeling of exhaustion and a feeling of exuberant good health".

VITAMIN C

Ribena

BLACKCURRANT JUICE

Contains not less than 20 mgms. of Vitamin C per fluid ounce.

3/3d. from all Chemists, Stores and Grocers. Highly concentrated.

MADE BY CARTER'S OF COLEFORD

the fleet. Bush could no more sympathize with the pressed man than he could sympathize with the night being replaced by day.

Hornblower was still looking at the press gang and the recruits. "It may be war," he said slowly.

"War!" said Bush.

"We'll know when the mail comes in," said Hornblower. "Parry could have told us last night, I fancy."

"War!" said Bush again.

When they entered the house, they saw Maria standing at the foot of the staircase, a candlestick with an unlighted candle in her hand. She wore a long coat over her nightclothes; she had put on her mob-cap hastily, for a couple of curling papers showed under its edge.

"You're safe!" she said.

"Of course we're safe, Maria," said Hornblower. "What do you think could happen to us?"

"There was all that noise in the street," said Maria. "I looked out. Was it the press gang?"

"That's just what it was," said Bush.

"Is it—is it war?"

"It may be."

"Oh!" Maria's face revealed her distress. "Oh!" Her eyes searched their faces.

"No need to worry, Miss Maria," said Bush. "It'll be many a long year before Boney brings his flat-bottoms up Spithead."

"It's not that," said Maria. Now she was looking only at Hornblower. In a flash she had forgotten Bush's existence. "You'll be going away!" she said.

"I shall have my duty to do if I am called upon, Maria," said Hornblower.

Now a grim figure appeared climbing the stairs from the basement—Mrs. Mason; she had no mob-cap on, so that her curl papers were all visible.

"You'll disturb my other gennelmen with all this noise," she complained.

"Mother, they think it's going to be war," said Maria.

"And not a bad thing, perhaps, if it means some people will pay what they owe."

"I'll do that this minute," said Hornblower hotly. "What's my reckoning, Mrs. Mason?"

"Oh, please, please——" said Maria, interposing.

"You just shut your mouth, Miss," snapped Mrs. Mason. "It's only because of you that I've let this young spark run on."

"Mother!"

"'I'll pay my reckoning,' he says, like a lord. And not a shirt in his chest. His chest'd be gone, too, if I hadn't nobbled it."

"I said I'd pay my reckoning, and I mean it, Mrs. Mason," said Hornblower with enormous dignity.

"Let's see the colour of your money, then," said Mrs. Mason, not in the least convinced. "Twenty-seven and six."

Hornblower brought a fistful of silver out of his trouser pocket. But there was not enough there, and he had to extract a note from his breast pocket, revealing as he did so that there were many more.

"So!" said Mrs. Mason. She looked down at the money in her hand as if it were fairy gold, and opposing emotions waged war in her expression.

"I think I might give you a week's warning, too," said Hornblower, harshly.

"Oh, no!" said Maria.

"That's a nice room you have upstairs," said Mrs. Mason. "You wouldn't be leaving me just on account of a few words."

"Don't leave us, Mr. Hornblower," said Maria.

If ever there was a man completely at a loss it was Hornblower. After a glance at him, Bush found it hard not to grin. The man who could keep a cool head when playing for high stakes with admirals—the man who fired the broadside that shook the *Renown* off the mud when under the fire of red-hot shot—was helpless when confronted by a couple of women.

"When did you gennelmen have supper?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"I don't think we did," answered Hornblower, with a side glance at Bush.

"You must be hungry, then. Let me cook you a nice breakfast. A couple of thick chops for each of you. Now how about that?"

"By George!" said Hornblower.

"You go on up," said Mrs. Mason. "I'll send the girl up with hot water an' you can shave. Then when you come down there'll be a nice breakfast ready for you. Maria, run and make the fire up."

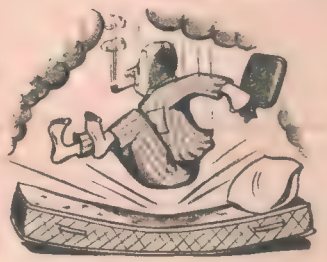
The two men went up to the attic room, and a few minutes later a thump on the door announced the arrival of the maid-of-all-work of the house, a can of hot water in each hand. Her ragged dress was too large for her—handed down, presumably, from Mrs. Mason or from Maria—and her hair was tousled, but she, too, turned wide eyes on Hornblower as she brought in the hot water. It was plain that Hornblower was as much the hero of this fourteen-year-old foundling as he was of Maria.

"Thank you, Susie," said Hornblower, and Susie dropped an angular curtsy before she scuttled from the room with one last glance round the door as she left.

When both men had finished their toilet, they went downstairs to the dining-room.

"Only a minute, sir," said Susie, showing up in the doorway for a

NOW YOU KNOW



IF you're ever in a house on fire, close all doors and windows—unless you have to attract attention from a window. If the room fills with smoke, lean out of the window. If it's also coming from below, lie on the floor until the fire brigade arrives.

If escape has to be made before it comes, reef-knot sheets to some heavy furniture and lower yourself from the window. Failing this, throw pillows and bedding—if possible, on to soft earth—to break your fall. Legs first through the window, turn on your front, lower to the extent of your arms, and drop.

"Here's a case of real gratitude. A man leaves £20,000 to a woman who refused to marry him fifty years ago"

moment before hurrying down into the kitchen.

She came staggering back laden with a tray. Hornblower pushed back his chair and was about to help her, but she checked him with a scandalized squeak and managed to put the tray safely on the side table without accident.

"I can serve you, sir," she said.

She scuttled back and forward between the two tables. Coffee pot and toast, butter and jam, sugar and milk, cruet and hot plates, and finally a wide dish which she laid before Hornblower. She took off the cover, and there was a noble dish of chops whose delightful scent, hitherto pent up, filled the room.

"Ah!" said Hornblower, taking up a spoon and fork to serve. "Have you had your breakfast, Susie?"

"Me, sir? No, sir. Not yet, sir."

Hornblower paused, spoon and fork in hand, looking from the chops to Susie and back again. Then he put down the spoon and thrust his right hand into his trouser pocket.

"Here's half a crown, Susie."

"Half a crown, sir!" That was more than a week's wages. The girl stepped back in alarm.

"Take it," Hornblower said. "And promise me that the first chance that comes your way you'll buy yourself something to eat. Fill that wretched little belly of yours. Faggots and pease pudding, pigs' trotters, all the things you like. Promise me."

"But, sir——" Half a crown, the prospect of unlimited food were things that could not be real.

"Oh, take it," said Hornblower testily.

"Yes, sir." Susie clasped the coin in her skinny hand and fled out of the room. Hornblower began once more to serve the chops. "I'll be able to enjoy my breakfast now," he said self-consciously.

"No doubt," said Bush.

"Half a crown," said Hornblower defensively, "may mean many things to many people. Yesterday——"

"You're quite right," said Bush, filling in the gap as politeness dictated, and then he looked up and realized that it was not because he had no more to say that Hornblower had left the sentence uncompleted.

Maria was standing framed in the dining-room door; her bonnet, gloves and shawl indicated that she was about to go out, presumably to early marketing, since the school where she taught was temporarily closed.

"I—I looked in to see that you had everything you wanted," she said. The hesitation in her speech seemed to indicate that she had heard Hornblower's last words.

"Thank you. Delightful," mumbled Hornblower.

"Please don't get up," said Maria, as Hornblower and Bush began to rise. Her eyes were wet. There was an embarrassed pause.

A knocking on the street door relieved the tension, and Maria fled to answer it. From the dining-room they heard a masculine voice, and Maria reappeared, a corporal of marines towering behind her.

"Lieutenant Hornblower?" he asked.

"That's me."

"From the Admiral, sir." The Corporal held out a letter and a folded newspaper.

There was a maddening delay while a pencil was found for Hornblower to sign the receipt. Then the Corporal took his leave with a clicking of heels and Hornblower was left standing blankly with the letter in one hand and the newspaper in the other.

"Oh, open it—please open it," said Maria.

HORNBLOWER tore the wafer and unfolded the sheet. He read the note, then handed it to Bush.

Bush read quickly. The note said: *"Sir,—It is with pleasure that I take this opportunity of informing you in advance of any official notification that your promotion to commander is now confirmed and that you will be shortly appointed to the command of a sloop of war."*

"By God, sir!" said Bush. "Congratulations. For the second time, sir. It's only what you deserve, as I said before."

"Thank you," said Hornblower. "Finish reading it."

Bush returned to the letter.

"The arrival at this moment of the mail coach with the London newspapers" (said the second paragraph) *"enables me to send you the information regarding the changed situation without being unnecessarily prolix in this letter. You will gather from what you read in the accompanying copy of the 'Sun' the reasons why conditions of military secrecy should prevail during our very pleasant evening, so that I need not apologize for not having enlightened you, while I remain,*

Your obedient servant,
Parry."

By the time Bush had finished the

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed]

Do you find milk "heavy" at night?

Add BENGER'S- it digests the milk before you drink it.

Sends you to sleep warm, soothed and satisfied.

No other Food has the digestive properties of BENGER'S FOOD. Always keep a tin in the house.

For Every Mother

the New Seventh Edition of the Cow & Gate "Motherhood" Book

CEREX For Weaning Have you tried it?

This revised version of an old favourite is full of useful information for which all mothers will be grateful. It deals with every aspect of infant feeding and management.

PRICE 1/-

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

DEPT. J.B., COW & GATE LTD., GUILDFORD, SURREY

The
FAMILY STANDBY
for STOMACH UPSETS

What a real friend of the family is 'Milk of Magnesia'*.

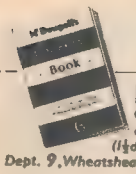
Grown-ups' indigestion . . . teen-age acidity . . . the youngster's tummy upsets—'Milk of Magnesia' dispels them all. Baby's 'windigestion' too, is soon put right.

But 'Milk of Magnesia' is more than a pleasant and effective antacid—it acts gently but surely as a laxative as well. A bottle kept handy in the Medicine Cabinet ensures ready relief whenever the need arises.

4oz. size 1/9 — 12oz. size 3/6

'Milk of Magnesia'
*REGD. TRADE MARK
Your Friend for Life

Insist on the best . . .
all good Grocers
have it



FREE McDougall's sixpenny Cookery Book. Complete this coupon and send in an unsealed envelope (1½d. stamp) to: Miss Janet Johnston, Dept. 9, Wheatsheaf Mills, Millwall Docks, London, E.14.

Name .....
Address .....
.....

43

STOP STREAMING COLDS

There's nothing worse than a streaming cold. End it now with pleasant Penetrol Inhalant. Sprinkle a few drops on your handkerchief and on your pillow at night and inhale freely. Penetrol brings sweet relief, clears the head, removes congestion and restores normal breathing in the most obstinate cases of colds, catarrh or hay fever. For those who prefer it there is the handy Penetrol Inhaler. Penetrol is not habit forming and can be inhaled freely at any time.

2/9

★ FOR YOUR PROTECTION INHALE
PENETROL
WHEREVER THERE'S A CROWD

2/-

letter Hornblower had opened the newspaper at the relevant passage, which he pointed out to Bush.

"Message from His Majesty.
House of Commons, March 8, 1803.
The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought down the following message from His Majesty: 'His Majesty thinks it necessary to acquaint the House of Commons that, as very considerable military preparations are carrying on in the ports of France and Holland, he has judged it expedient to adopt additional measures of precaution for the security of his dominions.'"

That was all Bush needed to read. Boney's fleet of flat-bottomed boats, and his army of invasion mustered along the Channel coast, were being met by the appropriate and necessary countermove. With the fleet manned and at sea, England could laugh at the treacherous attack Boney had planned.

"They've done the right thing for once, by God!" said Bush, slapping the newspaper.

"But what is it?" asked Maria.

She had been standing silent, watching the two men, her glance shifting from one to the other in an endeavour to read their expressions.

"It'll be war next week," said Hornblower. "Boney won't endure a bold answer."

"Oh," said Maria. "But you—what about you?"

"I'm made commander," said Hornblower. "I'm going to be appointed to a sloop of war."

"Oh," said Maria again. There was a second or two of agonized effort at self-control, and then she broke down. Her head drooped farther and farther, until she put her gloved hands to her face, turning away from the two men so that they only saw her shoulders with the shawl across them, shaking with sobs.

"Maria," said Hornblower gently. "Please, Maria, please don't."

MARIA turned and presented a slobbered face to him, unevenly framed in the bonnet which had been pushed askew. "I'll n-n-never see you again," she sobbed. "I wish I was d-dead! Indeed I wish I was dead!" The tears poured down her cheeks to drip upon her shawl; they streamed from eyes which had a fixed look of despair.

This was something Bush could not endure. He liked pretty, saucy women. What he was looking at now jarred on him unbearably.

"Let's get out of here," he said to Hornblower.

In reply he received a look of surprise. It had not occurred to Hornblower that he might run away from a situation for which his temperament necessarily made him feel responsible.

Maria, with a sob, now stumbled forward and supported herself with her hands upon the table. She lifted her head and wailed again.

"Oh, for heaven's sake. . . ." said Bush in disgust. He turned to Hornblower. "Come along."

By the time Bush was on the staircase he realized that Hornblower had not followed him, would not follow him. And Bush did not go back to fetch him. If Hornblower was going to be foolish, Bush felt he could not stop him.

Up in the attic, he set about rolling up his nightshirt with his toilet things. The prospect of immediate employment and immediate action revealed itself to him in all its delightful certainty, breaking through the evaporating clouds of his irritation.

He began to hum to himself tunelessly. It would be sensible to call in again at the dockyard—he might even look in at the Keppel's Head to discuss the morning's amazing news; both courses would be advisable if he wanted to secure for himself quickly a new appointment.

WHEN Bush returned to the dining-room, Maria had dried her tears. She was standing there smiling, although her bonnet was still askew. Hornblower was smiling, too; it might be with relief that Maria had left off weeping. He looked round at Bush's entrance, and his face revealed surprise at the sight of Bush's hat and bundle.

"I'm getting under way," said Bush. "I have to thank you for your hospitality, sir."

"But. . . ." said Hornblower. "You don't have to go just yet."

Bush, "sirring" punctiliously now that Hornblower was a commander, explained his intention of visiting the dockyard before taking the carrier's cart back to Chichester.

Hornblower nodded. "Pack your chest," he said. "It won't be long before you need it. I shall make it my business to see to that."

Bush cleared his throat in preparation for the formal words he was going to use.

"I didn't express my congratulations properly," he said portentously. "I wanted to say that I don't believe the Admiralty could have made a better choice out of the whole list of lieutenants when they selected you for promotion, sir."

"You're too kind," said Hornblower.

"I'm sure Mr. Bush is quite right," said Maria.

She gazed up at Hornblower with adoration shining in her face, and he looked down at her with infinite kindness. And already there was something a little proprietorial about the adoration, and perhaps there was something wistful about the kindness.

THE END

"You go to sleep. I want to worry for a while"

ONE FOR THE ROAD

Continued from page 10

Canterbury Pilgrim. Not another word from Harold. He went into the pub like a homing pigeon reaching the end of its flight.

There was a long bench outside the parlour window. Mr. Shuttle sat down and pulled an apple from one pocket and a penknife from another. He cut the peel from the apple and slowly munched the fruit. Through the hollow summer air came the sound of a reaper, three or four fields away.

About half an hour—or three apples—later he knelt on the long bench, shaded his eyes with a thin hand and peered into the dark parlour. He could just make out the round face of Harold. He tapped on the window. Harold nodded, waved a podgy hand and hurried up with a tankard he had been holding.

When he came out of the Canterbury Pilgrim, his face was a good bit redder, but he wasn't quite so testy. He looked as if for two pins he'd be ready to smile. He was even conversational. Until they came to the little village of Crossways. The pub here was called the Tinker's Curse.

THE middle of Crossways was a small patch of grass which the vicar always referred to as The Green. It had a tree with a circular seat round it. Wilfred sat down again, grateful for the tree's shade. It was well past noon by now and the sun was at its hottest. This time Mr. Shuttle produced something more sustaining than an apple. Nice cucumber sandwiches wrapped in damp lettuce leaves.

It was the most peaceful day Mr. Shuttle could remember. All the same, he kept his eye on the church clock. And after he had at last brushed the crumbs from his knees, he got up and went across to the pub, and tapped on the window.

Harold was slower in putting in an appearance this time. He was slower in every way. He stared at Mr. Shuttle as if he'd never set eyes on him before.

"It's time we were getting along," Mr. Shuttle said firmly.

They set off for the flat lands at the foot of the Downs. Presently Harold took off his jacket and carried it. After he had dropped it three times, Wilfred carried it. Then Harold said he was sleepy. They sat in a hedge.

Harold went to sleep.

Wilfred didn't appear to mind in the least. He was quite happy. There was such a lot to see. He pulled a stalk of grass and chewed it slowly.

Harold woke up, one eye at a time. But before his second eye was in action he had managed to pull out his watch and look at it.

"Do you know the time?" he demanded in a cross voice, as if Wilfred had been up to some sort of a shabby trick. "It's twenty-five to six! Have I been asleep all afternoon? Come on! This won't do."

He was in a hurry again, like he had been earlier in the day and just as morose. But he brightened up a bit when they came to a handful of cottages and an inn with the name of The News From Home. He even smiled.

"Now, Harold," said Mr. Shuttle, taking his friend's arm.

"What's the matter?" said Harold.

"There's reason in all things," said Mr. Shuttle.

"Why can't you ever say plain out what you're getting at?" said Harold.

"Well, haven't you had enough?"

"*Enough?* Silliest damned thing I've ever heard anybody say!"

"We haven't fixed for the night, you know. We may have miles to go."

"Do you think I don't know? I've got to get ready for it."

"Oh, very well," said Mr. Shuttle.

Harold went into The News From Home.

He bought a pint and sat staring at it. He wasn't cross; he was just a little sad. He was the easiest-going man in the world, and anyone would have to admit it. He was never out to spoil anybody's fun. "Haven't you had enough?" *Enough!* Never in all the years that they had known each other had Wilfred Shuttle said a thing like that to him.

The second pint did him good in a way, but it didn't make him less sad.

Poor old Wilfred! Not a bad old sort, Wilfred. And he *had* rather been looking forward to today. Sort of anniversary. Twenty years.

He shook his head and felt he'd like to pat Wilfred on the back. He felt he'd like to say, "Sorry, old pal." Good old scout, Wilfred.

Harold was pushing the empty glass along the counter when the tapping began on the window.

"Gentleman want something?" said the landlord, mystified.

"No, no, it's all right." Harold pointed to his glass. "Just put a half in there," he said hurriedly. Then he turned to the window and bellowed, "*Coming!*"

IMMEDIATELY Mr. Shuttle saw Harold coming out of The News From Home, he knew what to do. He had done it so very often before. He walked away. Harold followed like an apologetic lamb. As always.

Round a bend in the road he stopped to stare at two children who stopped to stare at him. He raised his hat to them. They all shouted "Yah!" Other children joined them. They shouted "Yah!" He zigzagged along the road, the children after him.

Two minutes of this and he became irritated. "Think I'm the flaming Pied Piper!" he muttered.

He stooped and picked up a stone and threw it. It went wide, but two of the scattering children collided and one fell. Crying, the child ran home, shouting: "He stoned me!"

By the time Harold overtook Mr. Shuttle, who was sitting on a fallen tree trunk in front of a little wood, he was a very weary man.

"What's wrong now?" Wilfred asked. "I heard a child crying."

"Went wide," said Harold. "Miles wide." He found a bed of bracken just off the road and stumbled into it. "This'll just suit me," he said.

"We're going to have a bed," said Mr. Shuttle. "There's a small town five miles along. And I want a nice cup of tea."

"*Nice!*" sighed Harold, nearly sick in the bracken at the very thought. "You won't catch me walking five miles. Couldn't."

Without looking round, Wilfred lowered his voice and said, "Pop down!"

It made Harold pop up. He thought Wilfred had begun to talk to himself.

"Down!" Wilfred repeated, still without looking round. "Get under that bracken and stay there. There's a policeman coming along on a bicycle."

The policeman rode up, got off his bicycle and looked down at Mr. Shuttle.

"You been throwing stones?" he demanded.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Shuttle

"There's somebody about who's had too much," said the policeman. "Started throwing stones at kids."

"I am a teetotaller," said Mr. Shuttle. "I have been a teetotaller all my life."

"Well, now," said the policeman, who was used to fancy stories after fifteen years. "What are you doing here?"

"Minding my own business," said Mr. Shuttle.

The policeman gave him a hard look and turned his bicycle round, at a loss. Then he had a thought. "Have you *seen* anybody?" he said.

"There was a man got in a car and went down that other road a minute or two ago," said Mr. Shuttle.

"Drunk?"

"I wasn't noticing," said Mr. Shuttle.

"Oh, well," said the policeman. And off he went.

A hiccup at length announced that Harold was still there.

"Now listen, Harold," said Wilfred. "We can't have this sort of thing happening again or there's no telling where it might end. I don't mean to get myself into serious trouble getting you out of it, do you understand?"

"A man's a right to a pint," said Harold.

"You can't count," said Wilfred. He got up and stretched himself.

"Where are you going?" said Harold.

"I'm going to walk to the town," said Wilfred. "I'll get a taxi and come back for you. Keep down in the bracken, well out of sight, and don't make a sound. I'll be back as soon as I can."

Walking along to the town, he kept telling himself over and over again that it was a great pity. He thought of the scores and scores of pubs, all over England, all over twenty years, he'd waited outside of, for Harold to finish his pints. A great pity. It was the way you were made, he supposed. He had never yet been in one of those places and it was too late to start now. And there was the smell of the stuff. Even that made him feel queer.

But it was rather letting Harold down, in a way, always leaving him to get drunk alone. He nearly wanted to turn back and apologize. He nearly wanted to pat Harold and say, "Sorry, old friend."

HE got a taxi in the town and surprised the driver, a quarter of an hour later, by fishing a man out of a bed of bracken. He didn't feel capable of giving an explanation. He was relieved when he and Harold were at last in the little High Street, in front of a teashop.

"I'm going to have a nice cup of tea," he announced.

"And what do I do?" said Harold.

"You can go and find us a room for the night," said Wilfred. "I shall be some time."

"I can't argue with landlady women about rooms," said Harold. "My head!"

"Then walk about till your head's clear," said Wilfred. "There's a butter cross somewhere that people come miles to see. And some fourteenth-century brasses in the church."

"Fourteenth-century brasses!" snapped Harold.

He didn't see the brasses. He wasn't much of a hand at the insides of churches. But he passed the butter cross so many times that he could have kicked it. He grew steadily more miserable every minute. There was a clock in the church and it seemed never to stop striking. Harold was alone in an unfriendly world. He wanted company.

He came to the teashop for the twentieth time. Through a thin curtain he could see Wilfred at the back of a pot of tea, his elbows on the table, his fingers linked. He seemed perfectly happy to be doing just that.

Harold couldn't stand it. He tapped on the window. THE END

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Plain Talk

AN ancient Chinese proverb says: "Two days without reading, and conversation becomes flavourless." It is a recognition of the truth that the raw material of thought is knowledge, and reading is the quickest way of acquiring knowledge.

"She speaks, but she does not talk," someone once said to me, referring to a mutual acquaintance. This applies to many people. They are people who do not read and therefore cannot think. Though they can speak, they cannot talk.

Empty minds natter. Only well-fed minds can talk.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Cadbury's Chocolate Biscuits

Look for these crisp, delicious biscuits covered with Cadbury's famous Milk Chocolate—

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE BISCUITS · CADBURY'S MILK FINGER BISCUITS · CADBURY'S MILK WAFER BISCUITS

And remember **ORANGE SANDWICH BISCUITS** covered with Cadbury's Plain Chocolate.

They're made by Cadbury's . . . *that's* the difference

HUMAN TORPEDO

Continued from page 20

agony of uncleared ears; letting quick spurts of oxygen past their lips into the helmets to keep the masks from crushing in on their faces.

At sixty feet they levelled out in a cold black world that pressed in on them fiercely. They moved in a cloud of phosphorescent sparks, leaving a comet tail behind them. For some minutes Ryan kept her at full speed, then throttled down to half. Seconds later they felt the cushioned bump as they met the first net. Ryan switched off, and they clambered stiffly along the torpedo, its controls preset to stay at this depth, to the net, and hung there like two grotesque spiders while they struggled to force the torpedo through the mesh. After what seemed an age, they succeeded, and the machine lay there, still, with just the slightest tendency to rise. They climbed back into their seats again, and dived towards bottom. It was nearer than Ryan thought, and they bumped badly at sixty-eight feet.

They skimmed along, barely clear of the rocky bottom. They went on and on across the two hundred yards between the nets. Then, startlingly, ghostly, phosphorescent and weed-grown, the second net swept out of the blackness over their heads, clear by a foot. Somewhere, nearly seventy feet above them in the clean, cold gale, a boat was floating: German seamen huddled together for warmth, watching for a vague menace.

RYAN looked again at the clock. One eighteen. They had been nearly seventy feet down for seventeen minutes. His breathing was shortening, and he prayed silently that they would not be held up too long on the last net. He could not stay much longer at this depth.

Harris, in the rear seat, lay over the ballast tank, alternately swearing and praying into his mouthpiece. The cold had crept up his thin, wiry body until it had reached his waist. Icy daggers of pain stabbed through the small of his back, his kidneys aching until he could have wept with the pain.

They struck the third net hard. Harris pulled himself off and reeled along the ocean bed like a man in drink. Ryan, although more fleshy than Harris, was also feeling the chill beginning to creep up his spine. He was thankful for the break from sitting still in the frigid water—until they got forward and examined the net. Five rows of rings rested on the bottom in a tangled heap. The rest of the net vanished upwards in the darkness, a rigid steel wall.

Somehow those five rows of foot-wide steel rings, inert there on the bottom, had to be lifted clear while the torpedo was passed underneath. Somehow they had to support a weight of some hundred and fifty pounds each, four feet off the bottom, and move the torpedo at the same time; in pitch blackness, hampered by the constricting but vulnerable dress and breathing apparatus.

They went in opposite directions along the net, searching for a gap or gully in the sea bed where there would not be such a great mass of net. They returned knowing that there was not a foot of difference in depth all the way across that deeper section of the fiord.

They wept tears of rage and exhaustion. The net slipped and tore from their hands. Isolated rings hung down, and as fast as they gathered one up, two more would fall in its place. They laboured and strained

"His earliest ambition was to save a million before he was thirty. Now he's changed it to ten pounds before he's fifty"

and sweated in the darkness, heaving and tugging like madmen. They ran insane risks of tearing the lungs on the clustered barnacles, of being trapped under the net. Their numbed hands were torn to ribbons, lacerated until they felt the pain even through the numbness. They got the torpedo through, but they were in a bad way.

They had been almost seventy feet under water for three-quarters of an hour. Their jaws were shuddering, their quivering lips letting go oxygen that their heaving lungs demanded.

They fell rather than climbed aboard the chariot, and, fighting off oblivion, Ryan sent her reaching full speed for the surface in a steep climb. For ten minutes they lay there, heads just above water, until their lips steadied, the panting stopped, and the poisoning oxygen began to work out of bloodstream and tissue. Until the cold began to creep on them again.

They waited for the searchlight to sweep round, and Ryan lined his compass on the nearest corner of the anti-torpedo nets in the flash. Then they forged ahead, with a quarter of a mile to go to the last barrier.

They were a bare two hundred yards from the nets when the searchlight flashed again.

A cutter, with the crew pulling silently and slowly, was silhouetted before the light died. They dived to fifteen feet at half speed, down into the dead silence below. They hit the net, and Ryan held on while Harris worked along the rings and located the corner.

AS Harris fumbled in the darkness, the black water glowed into a deep emerald as the enemy searchlight passed over the surface. In the dim light, Harris saw the corner. Where the joint of the net came there was a gap only a foot wide that extended down to his level at fifteen feet.

He thought, Oh, God! We'll never get out of this, and there came the desire for the clean air above; the surging, fear-driven instinct that fought against putting any more obstacles between himself and safety.

At last he went slowly back to the chariot, and together he and Ryan dragged the machine to the gap.

At two fifteen they were through. Ryan steered about twenty feet away from the inner net and parallel to it. The *Prinz Wilhelm* was a hundred and forty yards or so to their left. They ran for a few minutes, then Ryan eased down to dead slow and brought their heads to within two feet of the surface. He waited until the light swept over them again, then poked his head above water for a split second. The massive hulk loomed up, blotting out the frosty brilliance of the stars.

Ryan ducked back and sent the chariot into a steep dive, turning in towards the ship.

They were too numb now for finesse, but Ryan switched off before they touched, and Harris, a flat multiple magnet in each hand, gripped the torpedo with his legs and began pulling the machine down the hull.

At thirty-three feet the side began to sheer in to form the bottom. They worked in under the bilge keel, which projected a yard or more. Then, with the depth gauge showing forty feet, they were right under in the suffocating blackness, clinging with the magnets to the vast, almost flat bottom.

Harris, holding on to both magnet lanyards with one hand, felt around above his head until he found a double row of rivets. They would be holding a small rib inside the hull. He started again with his magnets, placing them as gently as he could, hand over hand, following the rivet line. He had no other means of sensing direction; they were in such blackness that they could not even see the inside of their masks. Without a lead to the centre line of the ship, they would wander, possibly for hours, before finding the vital keel.

Harris went slowly on until, beginning to think that he had missed it, he felt the thick, heavily riveted keel plate above his head. He plugged the two magnets against the plate and lashed the lanyards to the torpedo across the ballast tank, anchoring firmly. They were right where the charge would break the ship's back and flood the machinery compartments above them. They could hear the boiler-room noises clearly. The slow, soft hiss and click of a pump; an occasional clang or clatter that brought their hearts to their mouths.

Harris, his brain beginning to be affected by the cold and the oxygen, worked slowly. He had to think hard before he knew what he wanted to do, then force himself, step by step, to do it. There were more magnets in the locker behind him, and he lifted them out, all clinging together in a tight bunch. Painfully he detached the two spares, replaced them, and twisted the lanyards of the other two round his left wrist.

Then he slid out of his seat and pulled himself forward. When he reached the head, he paused for a moment and checked, once again, the position of the keel above the torpedo. Satisfied that the torpedo's detachable war-head was directly below the plate, he clamped on the magnets and lashed it to the ship's bottom.

Feeling round the war-head, he found the fuse switch and removed the protective cover, which he tucked into his left boot. Each movement took an age, his senseless fingers feeling again and again before he could be sure that he was doing what he wished. His thumbs would not stay rigid, and he had to clasp his fist around the switch before he could move it. He counted the clicks. Set for five o'clock. He could not feel the raised figures on the fuse face, and he had to risk flicking the torch on the dial. Two and a half hours to go.

Then he pulled the securing pin out, lifted the lever and detached the torpedo's war-head. It floated gently upwards until it nudged the keel plate.

Deprived of the slight buoyancy of the head, the torpedo body tilted forward a little. As Harris worked aft towards his seat, Ryan opened the seacock with trembling, fumbling hands, and pumped enough water out of the foremost tank to compensate for the loss.

As he settled himself, Harris removed one of the two magnets supporting the body, and banged Ryan on the shoulder. He felt the slight vibration as the motor started, and wrenched the other magnet free. They dropped, levelled; then, as they cleared the ship's sphere of magnetic influence, and the compass steadied, they steered for the net.

They missed the corner, and it took Harris seven precious minutes to find the gaps. They carried a coil of light rope in the locker, and he climbed up and along the net with the end made fast to his belt while Ryan kept the slack in hand.

BY the time they had once again forced the chariot through, both men were exhausted. It would be nerve only from then on. Frozen, physically almost finished, minds numbed with cold and oxygen, they were as good as beaten.

As they cleared the anti-torpedo nets, Ryan sent the torpedo down to thirty feet. He timed the dive by the clock, and did not surface until they were four hundred yards away—within easy distance of the inner boom net.

There seemed to be a lull in the gale when they surfaced, and the waves were now beating on their backs. Ryan looked again at the clock—two forty-seven.

He had to force his sluggish brain to think. They had been two hours running in, and three-quarters of an hour getting through the three boom nets. It was thirteen minutes to three now, and *Tricorn* would dive at four thirty sharp. They had a following wind and sea which would cut their cruising time down the fiord considerably, but even then, the most that they could allow for clearing the boom was twenty minutes.

It was impossible. Apart from the time factor, Ryan knew—they both knew—that they could never survive another breakthrough on the inner net. The only hope was to risk going over the top. That, or give the game up.

Ryan steered for the shore. The great danger lay in being sighted while the chariot was showing above

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed]

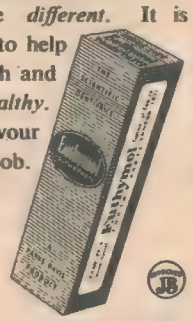
Its unusual flavour

shows that

Euthymol

is a remarkable toothpaste!

It's the selected ingredients that make Euthymol Toothpaste *different*. It is scientifically prepared to help keep your teeth, mouth and gums *clean, fresh* and *healthy*. And the unusual flavour tells you it's doing its job.



ask your Chemist's opinion of

EUTHYMOL

Standard Size 1/9 ★ DOUBLE Size 2/9

BY APPOINTMENT
SAUCE MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
GEORGE MASON & CO LTD

O.K

The Sauce that does you Good

Try also
'O.K'
MINT JELLY
—contains garden mint
'O.K'
FRUIT CHUTNEY

surface, half over the net. But the chance had to be taken.

He crept in at seven feet below the hissing waves. When they hit the steep beach he came up, bringing their heads above water, and turned down the fiord until they came to the buoys. He stayed with the machine while Harris went exploring along the net. He was back in a matter of minutes, and hung on alongside the body, steering. They struck the wire jackstay supporting the net between the sixth and seventh buoys. It was sagging almost two feet in the centre, and it would be necessary to blow the main ballast tank and pump the internal tanks dry to get her over.

Harris manoeuvred the nose of the body on to the jackstay while Ryan lay in the water working the pump controls. The chariot rose out of the water, higher and higher. They could hear, plainly, the engine of the German patrol boat on the centre net.

They timed their effort with the intermittently flashing lights of the *Prinz Wilhelm*, and, as one glare died, Ryan blew the main tank. The torpedo heaved out of the water and floated like a duck on the surface. With frantic haste, they dragged her over the wire. It seemed impossible that they could escape detection. But they had vented the main tank and were pumping in again before the next flash came from up the fiord.

As the chariot sank into the water, they climbed aboard again. They cruised to the centre of the fiord, eyes just showing. Ryan delayed the dive as long as possible, then, as the buoys came in sight, pushed her nose down and dropped almost vertically. He pulled her out at sixty, and they went down the last few feet on the net itself. It was a tight squeeze, and, although they took only ten minutes to get her through, their depleted reserves were already fighting a losing battle against a recurrence of oxygen poisoning. They rose swiftly to ten feet and, despite his swimming head, Ryan kept her there until they came to rest on the last net.

Easily as they had cleared the anti-submarine net on the way in, it nearly broke them going out. Their limbs and the lower part of their bodies were practically useless, their muscles ineffectual, their heads aching to bursting point. But to give up at this stage was unthinkable, and in spite of their exhaustion they finally thrust the chariot out to the safe side.

They kept at ten feet for five minutes, and surfaced some four hundred yards clear.

Harris looked back. The searchlights were still sweeping the nets around the *Prinz Wilhelm*, and down the wind came the faint chugging of the motor boat, still watching the boom nets.

Their bodies were finished. The nose clips pressed intolerably on nostrils worn raw, and their jaws were aching from the continual grip on the mouthpieces. The rubber cuffs of the suits bit into their swollen wrists, inflicting further agony on their already tortured arms.

Tricorn was somewhere in the blackness, six weary miles away, but they were singing to themselves as they set off down the fiord.

THE signalman of the *Tricorn* stopped flashing his shaded light at four twenty-five that morning, and reported a white light appearing off the port beam. Rogers steadied himself against the periscope standard and trained his night glasses....

They had to lift them aboard. They hoisted them up on to the bridge and lowered them gently down, through the conning tower, into the control-room. As they came out of the water, their torn hands streamed blood, and in the comparatively warm air of the hull, the pain of returning circulation broke through their stupor, making them groan in agony.

The attendants stripped off their suits, cutting away the cuffs to get the sleeves over their distorted hands.

The two men sat shuddering in a pool of water while the coxswain trickled fiery neat rum between their locked jaws.

They were both beyond speech. Harris pointed weakly to the fuse cover that had fallen from his boot, and held up the finger and thumb of one hand. Then they both went suddenly and solidly to sleep where they sat.

Tricorn dived at 4.30 a.m. precisely. Commander Rogers sat motionless in the cramped wardroom, scarcely breathing. He had his wristwatch on the table before him, and he watched the second-hand on its tedious journey round and round the dial. Slowly the minute-hand crawled up to the hour, and the lines on Rogers's face deepened.

Even at the distance of ten miles they felt the tremendous concussion of the half-ton torpedo war-head that shattered the mighty *Prinz Wilhelm* into a flaming ruin.

Rogers exhaled gustily, and his eyes closed for a moment. Then he methodically strapped his watch back on his wrist. The charioteers, bandaged and blanketed, were dead asleep in the two lower bunks. Rogers looked at them for a minute. Then he picked up his cap and went back to the control-room. THE END

"Now that we can communicate by mental telepathy, shut up!"

LIZ TAYLOR, TERRIFIC TEENAGER

Continued from page 9

a copy of Enid Bagnold's horse story and, with the aid of her mother, planning a five-month campaign to get the part. The five months were said to have been spent at the Riviera Riding Club, learning how to ride and take the most difficult steeple jumps.

"I'd been riding for years," Elizabeth now snorts. "I don't remember when I first read *National Velvet*, but I loved the story. Pan Berman was the producer and he said I wasn't big enough for the part. It was a horse story, so I went out and ate like a horse—mostly steaks and salads—and put on three inches in three months."

Elizabeth got the part, a 200 dollar a week salary and, eventually, the horse which, in the film, she saved from the glue factory. "She was a beautiful child," Berman says. "She's always been beautiful, and that was one of the toughest rôles a girl was ever called on to do."

From *National Velvet* Elizabeth returned to sharing honours with Lassie. Her second Lassie film was made in the State of Washington, where Elizabeth personally trapped forty-five chipmunks, timid and nervous animals something like squirrels. One of them, christened Nibbles, developed an acute instinct for fame. This chipmunk became the subject of a book entitled *Nibbles and Me*, written and illustrated by Elizabeth Taylor. "It wasn't very thick, but it was a book," the author recalls. "I was going through a phase of writing and I really wrote every word myself. Did the pictures, too. Gosh, I could no more do that now than fly."

Nibbles, The Glutton

Nibbles lived for three years with Elizabeth. He shared her meals in the studio restaurant, ran away in a Chicago hotel and had to be rescued by the fire brigade before coming to an untimely end. "He loved sweets," Elizabeth relates, "and that was his undoing. I had a lovely chocolate Easter egg at Malibu Beach and Nibbles got into it. He literally ate himself sick, and that was the end of Nibbles. I got a letter the other day from a friend. She'd just seen my new film, and she said she hadn't cried so much since Nibbles's funeral. I thought that was so funny."

The chipmunk era coincided with Elizabeth's dark ages—the period when she was thirteen and fourteen—and virtually disappeared from the screen. "All I did," she says now, "was riding, horsing and animaling." She also went back to eating steak in large quantities, the formula that brought her results in *National Velvet*. The steak theory paid off again and, when a magazine photographer asked her to pose in a bathing suit, the results startled the studio. Elizabeth had grown up in most adult fashion. Before she was sixteen, she was back in front of the cameras playing successively girls of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen and twenty.

At the age of sixteen she went to London to make a film as Robert Taylor's wife. Her interpretation of adult passions startled a veteran director into exclaiming: "There's our meal ticket for the next twenty years!" The value of the meal ticket was assessed by a studio head at fifty to a hundred million dollars.

In six months, the new Elizabeth Taylor appeared on the covers of eight fan magazines. From June to November of her sixteenth year, Elizabeth received, by actual count, 1,065 invitations to college balls. And on a bright Sunday afternoon in July, love came her way.

Elizabeth's first publicised love affair was with a young American superman, Lieutenant Glenn Davis. They met just after Davis had graduated from the American Military Academy at West Point, where he had made a glamorous name as a football player. Elizabeth's first sight of Davis was at Malibu, where she was playing on the beach, and her

I've Had a Dreadful Day!

"I've had a dreadful day!" said my husband. "My head's been aching for hours on end and I feel absolutely all in."

We had been invited to a Dinner and Dance, but he said he couldn't go.

Then I remembered "YEAST-VITE" and persuaded him to take two tablets right away.

"YEAST-VITE" did the trick! In no time his headache had gone and he felt brighter. So off we went and had a fine time.

Relieves Your Pain & Bucks You Up

"YEAST-VITE" is the only pain reliever containing Caffeine and the tonic Vitamin B_1. It relieves **HEADACHES, NEURALGIA, NERVE** and **RHEUMATIC PAINS** and makes you feel fresher and brighter too.

YEAST-VITE

"Pick-Me-Up" Tablets. Price 1/8 and 4/-.

"YEAST-VITE" is a registered Trade Mark.

WIN a FORTUNE—and DINNER with a STAR!

NOVEL BIG 1st PRIZE

£500 CASH PLUS DINNER with your favourite British

FILM-STAR

JOHN BULL arranges Dinner at famous restaurant for winner, companion, Editor of *Picturegoer* and winner's chosen British film-star—all fares and hotel expenses paid.

(If preferred, FREE weekly SEATS for TWO throughout 1952 at local cinema.)

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2.10s., 50 of 10s.

2,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES

and fine new

LUXURY FOOD CASES

As a novel Bonus Award, a case of luxury Foods accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated February 9, and in JOHN BULL dated February 16), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

"PICK-YOUR-PRIZE" OFFER NEXT WEEK!

A THRILLING private dinner party at a famous London restaurant with your favourite British film-star! That exciting "extra" goes with this week's £500 First Prize cash for a *Bullet* in JOHN BULL's second big offer of 1952.

As this week's First Prize-winner, you will be invited to choose the British screen actor or actress (working in England) you would most like to meet in person. Provided that is practicable, JOHN BULL will arrange your dinner party, invite your chosen star, also the Editor of *Picturegoer*—and pay all expenses of the trip for you and a companion.

Your coupon below is waiting. Enjoy an amusing half-hour on *Bullets* this evening, and that novel First, or any of this week's 2,069 other prizes, can be yours.

As an additional attraction for movie fans, JOHN BULL has arranged for every winner of a cash prize to receive also a large de-luxe presentation photograph of his (or her) favourite British film-star. But remember—you have only until Monday, January 21, to post your entry.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Civilization's Sick, So
Artist Winston
Dream Of A Home
Ready To Fight
Warms Our Hearts
When They Met
Dearer Than Ever
Land Of The Pyramids
Love Triumphant
Mrs. Smith And Mrs. Brown
Makes Thousands
An Evil
Defeated
If Dad Were The Boss
The Fire Brigade
Star Of The Evening
Robin Redbreast
Bit Of A Lad
In His Little Igloo
Upset The Sergeant

Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions

Man Behind The.....
Kept.....Awake
The Abominable.....
Passed By The.....
In Childhood's.....
Like.....Of Old

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,817 (or Xword 769) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Johnny Goodbullet, the famous *Bullets* Bulldog, loves *all* the stars! Above, he's making eyes at Valerie Hobson—in the left-hand picture, his victim is Dulcie Gray.

"Bullets" Winners 1,813

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Celebration Weekend: E. A. Pickett, 8 Lampton Grove, Grimsby:

IN WINSTON'S HAND
IN THIS "DARKNESS,"
BRITANNIA'S.

£50 plus Celebration Weekend: N. P. Swift, 99 Clarence Road, Derby: 300,000 HOUSES—*They* PROPOSE—DARE *I*?

£25 plus Celebration Weekend: J. Ax, c/o 9 Council Houses, Pontefland, Newcastle-on-Tyne: EAST AND WEST — "TALKING," IF READING "WRITING."

OTHER AWARDS: £10: W. Fitzjohn, 1 King's Cross Road, London, W.C.1: HARD AS SHE IS—WORKED, NURSE WORKS TENDERLY. £10: W. Graham, 7 Ruberslaw Road, Burnfoot, Hawick, N.B.: BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE—UTOPIA—SIMPLY EJECT BRITISH! £5: J. Bennett, 109 Highters Road, Warstock, Birmingham: 300,000 HOUSES—OR CARS—OR GUNS? £5: A. R. Dove, Hibaldstow, Brigg, Lincs: CURSE OF CIVILIZATION—TOO MANY BLESSED "CIVILIZATIONS"! £5: Miss Y. Lamb, 21 Orchard Avenue, Blackpool: WITH GRANDPA IN THE BLANKET — *Again* — DIDN'T *Firemen* "JUMP"! £5: V. McCall, 49 Webster Street, Stockton-on-Tees: FILM STAR'S DREAM—AN *Electricity Board* MANSION! £5: J. McCusker, 48 St. Andrews Road, Ramsgate: 300,000 HOUSES—"MILESTONE"—OR "DROPPED BRICK"? Above winners each also receives Hamper.

For ten winners of £2 10s., plus Hamper, see *"Bullets" Bulletin*.

Winners of 30 Hampers have been notified and 2,000 "Good Shots" posted.

CASH AND FOOD PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 769

1. It's a shame when kiddies can't sleep because of noisy these out in the streets
3. Lover of nature thinks of one as source of delight
7. Heat may very well lead to this
8. Two or three flowers are seen quite commonly in
11. Most old folk could sit contented for long, just looking at and listening to this
12. You can generally find curly this on farm if you know where to look
14. Often spills something when boiling
15. One may find a craft is difficult to

Down Clues

2. The more you stick together, the less likely you are to have trouble with this
4. In most cases regarded by mother as sufficient reward for what she's done
5. People, as a rule, are inclined to consider one funny
6. Such shades are reputed to appear in some old houses or castles
9. It may be difficult getting such a man to talk
10. It's rather out of place to scorch when you do this
13. This is a narrow kind of thing

£100 FIRST PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

50 ROASTING FOWLS

—one with each Runner-up
Award value 10s. or over

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 765 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Cheery. 2, Fox. 3, Coin. 7, Howl. 11, Bill. 13, Beard. 14, Foot. DOWN: 1, Claw. 4, Ban. 5, Plan. 6, Golf. 8, Waits. 9, Wild. 10, Track. 12, Art.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: Mrs. C. Williams, 22 Adelaide Street, Oxford. Winner also receives fine Family Feast.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared between 21 entrants, each of whom receives 5-lb. Fowl and Plum Pudding in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. .....
B. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.
EX. .....
B. .....

Closing Postmark **1,817** MON., JAN. 21

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

POST THIS LABEL for "BULLETS" £1,000 NEWS

Make January 31 a day to watch for the postman. Post JOHN BULL this Label and January 31 will bring you *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated February 2, containing full details of your coming £1,000 opportunity.

FREE THIS WEEK ONLY

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

630

£100 and 5-lb FOWL Prizes for this XWORD

1	A	N	2G	S	■	5	A	R	4K
■	B	E	L	O	5W	■	S	K	I
6G	B	■	■	■	■	I	■	■	
7H	A	■	E	■	8G	■	A	9S	S
■	■	■	■	10	■	■	■	■	■
11S	E	■	■	O	L	O	G	Y	■
T	V	■	12	A	I	L	■	■	13
L	E	E	■	S	P	I	T	■	A
Y	■	R	O	T	■	V	E	R	T
769 14	A	N	■	15	E	A	C	H	■

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **769** Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 21

I enclose P.O. value..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Feb. 2.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

words have been recorded. "I looked up on the porch and I thought, Oh, ye gods, no. As soon as I was introduced, I grabbed Glenn for our side. He didn't try to run fast or anything. He was so wonderful."

The reaction sounds normal from a sixteen-year-old. Without the glare of publicity, the transference of Elizabeth's affections to one William Pawley would have passed unnoticed. Pawley is a rich man's son who labours in the State of Florida. The Governor of the State did his best to help the match by creating Elizabeth a lieutenant-colonel—a rank possibly a shade below that of a Kentucky colonel. The match, however, broke up, ostensibly on the grounds that, while Pawley worked in Florida, Elizabeth's career kept her in California.

Wedding of 1950

"I am not a jilt," Elizabeth went on record at the time the romance terminated. "I was only engaged once in my life, and that was to William Pawley. I was in love with him and he was in love with me. When we found out we couldn't possibly work out our marriage we mutually agreed to end our engagement. Isn't that better than getting married and a few years later getting a divorce?"

Two months after this observation appeared, Elizabeth was indeed getting married, and 205 days after the ceremony she went to the divorce courts. The wedding, as everyone within the range of Hollywood knows, was to Conrad Hilton. It was *the* wedding of 1950 and, outside of a film première, one of the biggest events ever organized by a film studio. The description of the wedding gown alone filled several pages of mimeographed publicity releases. The ceremony was policed by twenty regular Hollywood policemen, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's private police force of 200.

Dined With Windsors

The honeymoon trail passed through New York, Paris, London, the Riviera and Rome. It included dinner with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and an audience with the Pope. There were less glamorous moments, it came out in the divorce court, when Hilton was said to have preferred the attractions of the casino to the company of his young bride.

Elizabeth formally left her husband on December 1, 1950, and three days before Christmas the divorce suit was filed. Writs, instead of presents, were exchanged over the festive season. Elizabeth did not go home to mother, but sought shelter with a bridesmaid.

The divorce hearing took place on January 30 last year. The following month Elizabeth was discovered in hospital under the name of Rebecca Jones. The only visitor allowed was her director.

Out of the débâcle emerged the nineteen-year-old version of Elizabeth Taylor. She was on her own without the advantages or disadvantages of either a husband or a family always at her side. She was loaned to another studio to make *A Place in the Sun*. According to Pandro Berman, who has produced four Taylor films, this was her first tough part since *National Velvet*.

Berman brought Elizabeth to Britain to appear in *Ivanhoe*. He admits candidly that he cast her as Rebecca because of her box office appeal. "It's like I say," says Berman, "she sells tickets." THE END

SHOWING UP THE GERMS

Continued from page 17

of rot was causing widespread damage to rubber trees in Ceylon. The forestry department wrote to Gurr, explaining that they were not able to isolate the organism that was causing the trouble. He sifted the various facts involved, picked out the important one, and invented a stain which made it possible for the trouble to be traced to its source.

He has also done valuable work for the Animal Pathology Laboratory in Ottawa, Canada. For example, thousands of Canadian chickens were dying yearly of coccydiosis, a disease which causes internal bleeding. The research workers in Ottawa had a suspicion of the cause, but they had no scientific proof. The problem had become one of national importance; farmers from all over the country were asking the laboratory for help.

Finally, the Canadian Government approached Gurr. He made the right biological stain, and it was found that coccydiosis was caused by a micro-organism which could be killed by one of the sulpha drugs.

Fighting Rinderpest

In the same way, Gurr has helped to fight disease in grain crops, vegetable plants and cattle. One of the potential terrors of future warfare is the use of bacterial weapons. If rinderpest, for instance, could be introduced into any country by an enemy, it would seriously reduce—perhaps eliminate altogether—the supply of that country's beef.

Both as a defence measure and as a contribution to the future welfare of humanity, the Canadian Government in 1943 set up a special top-secret laboratory to make anti-rinderpest vaccine on an island in the St. Lawrence River. It was finally found that, by injecting one of the sulpha drugs into chicken eggs, the right sort of serum could be made.

After the war, Canada made its findings public, and agriculturalists from many countries have since used the serum. Gurr worked with the Animal Pathology Laboratory to speed up the diagnosis of this disease, so that the serum could be used to the best advantage.

One thing that Gurr has found in his work is that university graduates are not nearly as useful to a manufacturing chemist as are technical school students. "Theorizing is no good in my business," he says, "unless you know how to make the theories work for you."

His staff of fifty-odd is therefore composed almost wholly of polytechnic graduates, or men and women with previous experience. He is helped by his wife, a graduate physicist whom he met at London University.

"Recipe" Booklets

Since many of the dyes and stains which Gurr makes have been invented by himself, he has had to explain to his customers how to use them. Eventually, he wrote a series of booklets, setting forth his "recipes."

At his stand at the British Industries Fair, his bottled animals naturally excited considerable interest. One morning, a member of the cleaning staff came along and gazed for some moments at the embryos of an elephant and a tiger.

"Blimey," he said, at last. "I hope them beasts don't start growing."

THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 25 is of Charlie Chester when a child.

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed]

Do not send cash unless registered. Cross postal orders or cheques

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

EVERY OFFER IS COVERED BY THE JOHN BULL GUARANTEE

BARGAINS BY POST

When ordering, write your name & full postal address—in block letters

"CORAFELT CARPETING is YEARS better!"

Ideal for FITTED CARPETS in the HOME—MAKE them YOURSELF—Easily with CORAFELT. Cuts cleanly—won't fray, needs no underfelt. LOVELY COLOURS—MOSS GREEN, BLUE, RUST, CHERRY, TAN. Send 1/- for samples—refunded if samples returned.

17" wide 9/10 yd
26" wide 14/9 yd
35" wide 19/8 yd
52" wide 29/6 yd

ASHWORTH & LOWCOCK LTD. (Dept. J.B.9), Bickerstaffe Buildings FOXALL ROAD, BLACKPOOL

BLANKET BARGAIN SALE

BRAND NEW

WERE 32/6 NOW ONLY 19/11 EACH Postage 1/7

WOOLLEN UTILITY BLANKETS

60 × 80. Light/Dark Grey, Whipped Ends, Soft and Warm, Heavyweight. Manufacturers clearance sale at less than today's making cost. Extra large size, 70 x 90, 33/6 each.

OUR PRICE 32/11 EACH plus 1/7 post and packing.

100% PURE WOOL TRAVEL RUGS

60 x 72. All-over check patterns in 12 light colours. State colour choice when ordering. Today's price 50/-.

THE TRIUNE CO. 200a MANCHESTER RD. BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE

BUILDING

REPAIRS — DILAPIDATIONS — ALTERATIONS

12th up-to-date edition

Roof Coverings, Carpentry, Hot Water Work, Painting and Decorating, Plastering and Cement, Brickwork, Sanitation and Plumbing, Measuring and Estimating, etc.

The illustrations are particularly helpful, the Volumes containing no fewer than 600 line drawings. These make the reading matter easy to understand.

FREE BOOKLET

VIRTUE and CO., LTD., "J.B." Dept., 9 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

Please send me booklet on

"GENERAL BUILDING REPAIRS"

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Folk Weave CURTAINING at FACTORY PRICES!

BUY DIRECT from the Manufacturer and OBTAIN THIS SAVING! High quality fabrics (max. controlled retail price 13/6 per yd.) offered at the SPECIAL PRICE of...

48 in. wide

6/11 per yard Plus 1/- Post and Pack.

Supplied in 5 beautiful shades: Rust, Green, Blue, Rose & Brown. Send 6d. P.O. for samples.

Also lovely Floral Cretonnes & Reversible Brocades from 4/6 per Yd.

COMBINED EAST LANCS. MILLS (Dept. J.B.), ROSSENDALE, LANCS.

COSY WARM — IN ZERO WEATHER

ROCKY MOUNTAIN LUMBER JACKETS

Handsome Bold Real Beaver Lamb Collar. Interlined with 100% long-wearing Brown Rayon Thick Quilted Lining. Warm Worsted knitted Wrist and Waistband. Zip-fitted throughout.

38/6 P.P. 1/6

MUST BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED

GREATEST BARGAIN EVER!

EX-USA PILOTS OFFICIAL Super Quality BROWN LEATHER FLYING JACKETS

105/- Post Free

Fitted with 100% NATURAL SHEEP-SKIN LINING. Full zips, 2 pockets. Offering a lifetime of wear. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*

MARCUS STORES (Dept. 40), Gravesend

SEND NO MONEY, PAY POSTMAN

Style No. 208.

WINTER BOOTEE 8½ in. high, calf leather uppers. Super thick crepe sole and mudguard, warm lined to toe, zip fastening. Colours: Grey, Brown, Navy, Red and Black. Or in suede, brown only, 15/- deposit and 3 weekly payments of 14/10. Cash price 56/6

Also leather sole, brown only at 60/9, 15/- deposit and 3 weekly payments of 16/3.

Style No. 2264.

SMART CASUAL in fine suedette with leather fringed tongue and super thick crepe mudguard and sole, 24/9 cash price, or 7/- down and 3 weekly payments of 6/4, also with calf uppers at 33/- cash price, or 10/- down and 3 weekly payments at 8/4. Colours; as above. All above in sizes 2-8. *State second colour. Post and pkg. 1/- extra. C.O.D. 1/- extra.* Refund if not satisfied.

24/9

JACE LTD., (Dept. J.B.1), Calcutta Road, Tilbury, Essex

'ANALOOM' FITTED CARPETING

The Needleloom carpeting with the excellent Rubberised Backing. Ideal for the home, corridors, living-rooms, bedrooms, offices, cars, caravans, etc. Easily fitted yourself, no sewing, no fraying, no binding, no underfelt required. Colours include, Maroon, Rust, Grey, Green, Brown, etc. Send 1/- for samples (refunded if order placed).

Compare these Prices

17" wide (yd) 6/6 26" wide (yd) 9/6
35" wide (yd) 13/6 52" wide (yd) 19/6

CARRIAGE FREE! QUICK DELIVERY!

Normal carpeting sizes made up from advertised widths. 3 x 3 yards £5.17.0. 4 x 3 yards £7.16.0, etc.

THE ANALOOM WAREHOUSE Dept. JB.2. 381 Stockport Road, Longsight, Manchester, 12

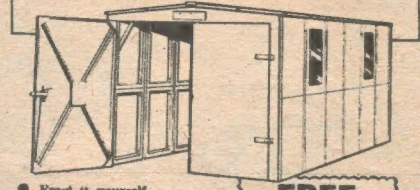
Presenting the Amazing NEW REMINGTON *Contour 6*

ELECTRIC DRY SHAVER YOURS FOR 30/- DEPOSIT. ON 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

The revolutionary features are the six diamond-honed heads, arched on a contour, to fit every type of face. Powered by the world's most efficient, most silent motor, the Remington Contour 8ix opens up a new era of customer-satisfaction, improved shaving and on the easiest terms. Complete in presentation case ready for immediate use. Operates on 210/250 v. AC/DC. Cash Price £8 19. 5. or sent for 30/- deposit. Balance after approval by 8 monthly payments of 19/9. *Write for Lists of Fashions, Watches, Jewellery, etc. (state which required).*

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.9) 94-104 Denmark Hill, S.E.5

The BATLEY CONCRETE GARAGE



- Erect it yourself
- Permanent yet portable
- No maintenance costs
- Lasts a lifetime

Send for free brochure

FREE DELIVERY within 100 miles of LONDON or COVENTRY

ERNEST BATLEY LTD. 32 Colledge Rd., Holbrooks, Coventry Tel.: 89245/6

FLEXIMOULD FOR PLASTER CASTING

WALL PLAQUES, FIGURES GARDEN ORNAMENTS, BOOK-ENDS, ETC. made in your own home. The all-family hobby that adds pounds to your income. *Write for*

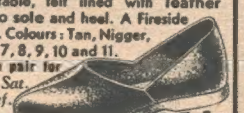
FLEXIMOULD *ILLUSTRATED LEAFLET TO*

DOHM LTD. (DEPT J.B.) 167 VICTORIA ST., S.W.1

Superb Utility LADIES' HOUSE SHOES

Comfortable and Warm. Excellent Pliable real leather uppers. Cosy lined throughout. FOAM rubber soles. Thick, Spongy, Springy—the last word in lazy comfort. Colours: Beige, Tan, Blue, Red, Green. In sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 only. Please state 2nd col. Per pair. P/P 9d. C.O.D. 1/- ex. 12/-

AND FOR THE MAN! Comfortable, felt lined with leather uppers. Strong sorbo sole and heel. A Fireside Must not to be missed. Colours: Tan, Nigger, Blue, Black. Sizes: 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11. State 2nd col. Buy a pair for HIM for Christmas. Sat. guar. or money ref.



pr. 14/-

EDWARDS BROS. (Dept. Z.18)

The Name in footwear for fifty years P/P 9d. C.O.D. 1/- ex.

50 CROSS LANCES RD., HOUNSLOW, MIDDX.

Famous AIRCRAFT Shockproof Watch

Yours for 8/9 OR 69/6 CASH POST AND REG. 1/3

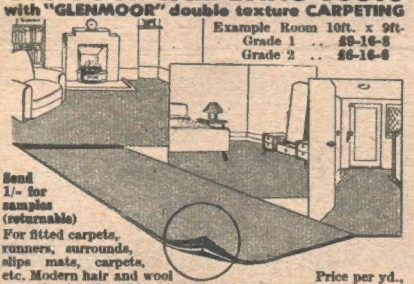
AT LAST. A REALLY STRONG WATCH

London Policeman S.C.L.F. writes: "My Aircraft Watch was wrenched from my wrist and thrown 50 yards against a brick wall. It is still keeping perfect time."

The famous LEVER vibration and magnetic proof wrist watch with a mathematically accurate hair spring ensuring good time-keeping under varying conditions. Beautiful stainless chrome case. Extra flat model. Price includes adjustable chrome bracelet. Unbreakable glass. Sent for 8/9 Deposit, Post, etc., 1/3, and 10/- monthly. Luminous model 6/6 extra. Fully guaranteed in writing. Also Ladies' model. Binoculars, Tents, Toys, Clothing, etc., Terms Free List.

HEADQUARTER & GENERAL SUPPLIES, Ltd., Dept. J.B.2, 196-200 Coldharbour Lane, Loughborough Junction, S.E.5. Open all Sat., 1 p.m. Wed. Call if possible.

CUT YOUR CARPETING COSTS with "GLENMOOR" double texture CARPETING



Example Room 10ft. x 9ft.
Grade 1 .. 29-16-8
Grade 2 .. 26-16-6

Send 1/- for samples (returnable)

For fitted carpets, runners, surrounds, slips mats, carpets, etc. Modern hair and wool carpeting is soft and luxurious to the feet, pleasing to the eye, will wear well. Thick rubber non-slip base, needs no underfelt. Colours: Red, Green, Beige, Brown, Blue, Rust, Rose Pink.

Width	Price per yd., carriage free Gde. 1	Gde. 2
18in.	9/11	7/-
27in.	14/11	9/11
36in.	19/11	13/11
54in.	29/6	19/11

PINDI STORES LTD., Dept. J.B., 373 Uxbridge Road, Acton W.3, or 58 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

NEW FEET

So confident are we that Omniped Foot Cushions will instantly relieve tired, painful feet, metatarsal troubles and fallen arches that we will gladly refund purchase price if you are not fully satisfied. More than 1,000,000 sufferers already relieved by comfortable, resilient Omnipeds. Send for them and if a trial does not convince you return them for a full refund of money. State shoe size. Post and Packing 5d.

6/11 PER PAIR

International Foot Appliances Ltd. (Dept.J.B.55), 92 Baker Street, London, W.1.

SAVE 5/- WEEKLY on your smoking

Pipe and Cigarette Smokers—do you realise that LUCULLUS Herbal Smoking Mixture, cool, fragrant and satisfying, can save you as much as 5s. weekly.

4 oz. Trial Packet 2/3 Post Free
8 oz. ..... 3/9 " "
1 lb. ..... 6/6 " "
2 lb. ..... 12/3 " "

(Postal Orders Only)

Mail Order Dept. W.G.4, Lucullus House, 27 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2

LUCULLUS SMOKING MIXTURE

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

"I feel like a Guinness"

"I wish you were"

Whichever way you look at it, there's nothing like a Guinness for strength. It gives you such a grand feeling of well-being—and what a satisfying taste it has!

G.E.1794